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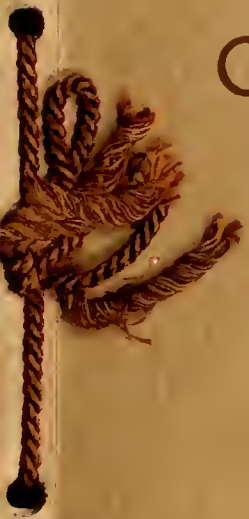
MONTEREY

Cradle of
California's Romance



FACTS OF HER BIRTH AND GROWTH FROM HISTORIES, PUBLIC AND CHURCH RECORDS AND STORIES OF PEOPLE YET LIVING : : : :

MONTEREY

Cradle of
California's Romance

THE STORY OF A LOST PORT THAT WAS FOUND AGAIN
AND A DREAM THAT CAME TRUE.

By
GRACE MacFARLAND

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DEDICATION

To my Mother, through whose confidence I have kept up courage even when things went wrong, this book is dedicated with the prayer that it may prove worthy of her faith : : : : :

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE

Visitors to Monterey are greeted by many signs marking places of historic interest. There has never been any means of answering their eager inquiries about the nature of that interest.

Three years ago, in his Graduate Course on Californian Literature at the University of California, Professor Wm. D. Armes suggested the need of a book to answer such inquiries accurately, entertainingly and inexpensively.

The pages which follow are the author's attempt to write that book. Just how much is due to others, the next lines will make clear.

First: Several librarians, especially Miss Garronte of the State Library, greatly facilitated the work by furnishing printed material in a selected form.

Second: Those who were familiar with details of life in the old Capital made possible the picture of Old Monterey.

Third: The busy men who read the original manuscript, by their helpful criticisms, enabled the author to smooth away at least part of the rough places which all too often cause the reader to stumble on his way to the last page.

Those who have given most help are: Rev. S. H. Willey and his son, W. A. Willey, Mr. Deakin, of Berkeley; Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Hitchcock, Sr., Mr. F. Devendorff, of Carmel; Dr. E. K. Abbott, Mr. Tom Allan and his daughter, Mrs. Dana; Mr. Arnold, Miss Bonifacio, Mrs. C. Field, Mr. and Mrs. Robert F. Johnson, Mr. C. Machado, Rev. Father Mestres, Mr. J. K. Oliver, Mr. Wm. Sandholdt, Jr., Mr. C. Williams, of Monterey; Mr. Frank Abbe, Mr. Mort Regan, Miss M. Solas, San Juan Bautista; Judge Peter J. Shields, of Sacramento; Mr. Frank H. Powers and Chas. B. Turrill, of San Francisco; Mr. Harry A. Greene, of New Monterey, and Mr. H. R. Warner, of Hotel Del Monte.

EARLIEST EXPLORATIONS

THE best selling novel in Spain in 1510 was the "Sergas of Esplandian." The scene of its plot was an island of California "on the right hand of the Indies," peopled by Amazons and abounding in fabulous riches.

The Spaniards had found such great wealth in Mexico and South America that they readily credited the fictions of the "Sergas." Accordingly, June 27, 1542, Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo, a native of Portugal, but a Spanish citizen, left Natividad, Mexico, with two ships and sailed up the coast in search of California's fabled riches.

He found none, but mentioned, in his diary, that in 37° latitude he came upon a little ensenada (bay), the shores of which were covered with pines.

After sixty years, one of the King's generals, who had been given the title Vicomte de Monterey and a large grant of land in Mexico, obtained a royal decree authorizing him to "explore and take possession of California."

He immediately subsidized an expedition and put his most trusted captain, Vizcaino, in charge. Three barefooted Carmelite friars accompanied them, seeking riches, too, not of heathen gold to steal but of heathen souls to save.

Vizcaino kept looking for Cabrillo's pine-clad ensenada. December 16, 1602, he came upon it. One ship sped back to Acapulco, Mexico, to report progress. Meanwhile Vizcaino landed and, standing under an oak, took possession in the name of King Philip, calling the bay "Monterey" in honor of his patron.

The friars gave the name of their order to the river that flowed a league away from the landing place.

Leaving a huge wooden cross as a sign that the land was the King's, Vizcaino re-embarked and spent the next hours preparing a report of his discovery for King Philip.

After dwelling upon the great size of the harbor, he concluded by saying: "This port is sheltered from all winds, while on the immediate shore there are pines, from which masts of any desired length can be obtained, as well as live oaks and white oaks, rosemary, the vine, the Rose of Alexandria, a great variety of game such as the rabbit, hare, partridges and other sorts of species found in Spain. This land has a genial climate, its waters are good and it is fertile,

judging from the varied and luxuriant growth of trees and plants. It is thickly settled with a people whom I found to be of a gentle disposition, peaceable and tractable. . . .

"Their food consists of seeds, which they have in great abundance and variety, and of flesh of game such as deer, which are larger than cows, and of bear, neat cattle and bisons and many other animals. The Indians are of good stature and fair complexion and pleasing countenance.* The clothing of the people of the coast lands consists of the skins of the sea-wolves (otter) abounding there, which they tan and dress better than is done in Castile; they possess also, in great quantity, flax like that of Castile, hemp and cotton from which they make fishing lines and nets for rabbits and hares.

"They have vessels of pine and wood, very well made, in which they go to sea, fourteen paddlemen to the side, with great dexterity in stormy weather. They are well acquainted with gold and silver and said they were found in the interior."

Some dried berries, a few otter skins and feather ornaments were the only riches Vizcaino brought back to Mexico.

In spite of the failure of both Cabrillo and Vizcaino to find riches, King Philip sent a royal order for the latter to take possession of San Diego and Monterey.

The old sea captain died before the expedition was ready to leave Mexico; so the Indians wandered, yet a little longer, undisturbed among the pines.

At night, if their legends be true, the huge cross shone like a thing on fire, making the bay as light as day. They hung berries, shells and fish upon the cross, for they feared this new God.

Once, a sick man who dropped at its foot and begged for mercy was cured. Ever after, they loved and worshiped it with daily offerings.

CALIFORNIAN COLONIZATION

The octopus arms of civil war were crushing Spain and for a century she had no strength for foreign conquest. When at last she was free, the Mexican missionaries claimed her attention.

In 1745, the head of the Missions, in addition to sending in the regular report, set forth his own views of what the missions needed:

*Vizcaino probably saw some of the interior Indians who came each summer to get a supply of shell fish for the winter, hence the reference to their size and fair complexions.

"I have suggested the conquest of Pimeria as the most easy and inexpensive, though the whole conquest will not be attended with such valuable consequences as a single colony at Monterey."

The flourishing, ever-growing Russian settlements along the North California coast, his own constantly increasing commerce with the Philippines and the expulsion of Jesuit priests from the Lower California missions kept Monterey before the eyes of Carlos III.

While English colonists on the Eastern coast were plotting revolution against George III, Carlos III authorized the exploration and occupation of San Diego and Monterey.

Determined not to be a repetition of Vizcaino's second expedition, this one started in four sections. The flagship, *San Carlos,* with Lieutenant Fages on board, left La Paz, Mexico, January 9, 1769. A month later, February 15, the *San Antonio,* commanded by Juan Perez, followed.

On March 24, the advance section of the land party, under Rivera, set out from San Blas. The main party, headed by Don Gaspar de Portola, general of the expedition and reputed discoverer of San Francisco, started in May. With them was Padre Junipero Serra, President of the missions to be founded.

Padre Serra was afflicted by an incurable sore on his leg and the long marches made it exceedingly painful. Finally the pain became so severe as to prevent his walking. Someone suggested making a litter and carrying him. He refused.

"So," says his friend, Palou, "he prayed to God fervently for help and calling Juan A. Coronel, a mule-driver, said, 'My son, can you find some remedy for my sore leg?'

" 'What remedy can I have?' replied Coronel. 'I am only a mule-driver and can only cure the wounds of my beasts.'

" 'Well, son,' said the Father, 'imagine that I am one of those beasts and that this is one of their wounds; apply the same remedy.'

"The mule-driver, smiling, said, 'I will do so, Father, to please you.' Taking some suet, he mixed it with herbs, making a kind of plaster or poultice, which was applied according to directions. God rewarded the humility of his servant and the leg got better."

SAN DIEGO FOUNDED

In spite of hardships, all four parties reached San Diego safely; Portola last, on July 1, 1769. Mission San Diego was immediately founded and the *San Antonio* sent back to San Blas to report and obtain more supplies for the new settlement.

Two weeks later, the combined forces of Portola and Rivera, sixty-five men in all, went forth by land to find Monterey. Padre Serra remained behind to get his mission into good working condition.

"From about four leagues north of San Diego," says Lieutenant Fages, "Indian natives began to present themselves, and although they showed excessive fear on approaching our people, in a short time they laid aside their fears and accompanied our men even with importunity and fatigue, immensely satisfied with the gifts which we made them—apportioning them strings of glass beads and other trinkets, which they admire very much. From them we obtained the needful information about roads and water as well as many presents of game and fish."

MONTEREY REDISCOVERED

On Saturday, September 23, the exhausted explorers came upon a canyon through which flowed a river. They believed it to be the Carmelo, as there were large trees growing on its banks.

They followed the river feverishly for a week and then sent scouts ahead to explore its mouth. The scouts returned and reported that: "the river emptied into an estuary which entered the canyon from the sea; that the beach bordered by sand dunes had been seen to the north and south, the coast forming an immense bay, and that, to the south, there was a low hill covered with trees like pines, which terminated in a point in the sea." They decided it was not Monterey.

In November, they discovered the Bay of San Francisco, later so named by Padre Serra.* Monterey could not be farther north.

Wearily, on November 11, they began the journey home.

They stopped, November 26, at the old camping ground on what they had at first thought was the Rio Carmelo. The end of two weeks of fruitlessly exploring the bay found them ready to give up and go home.

There is a tired conciseness in Costanso's* portrayal of their departure: "Sund. Dec. 10: Before leaving this Bay we erected a cross upon the beach with an inscription cut into the wood 'Dig, at the foot thou wilt find a writing.'"

*Many prominent historians claim that Sir Francis Drake discovered and named San Francisco Bay on his famous trip around the world. There does not seem to be any proof that their contentions are correct.

*Costanso was the engineer of the expedition.

After giving a brief account of their journey, the writing concluded: "Finally, now disappointed and despairing of finding the port after so many endeavors, labors and hardships, and without other provisions than fourteen sacks of flour, the expedition sets out this day from this Bay for San Diego."

January 24, they reached San Diego, only to learn of bitter sufferings there. Undaunted, Padre Serra set out in the *San Antonio* and Portola again took the trail north.

Less than four months sufficed to bring the land party once more to the cross they had planted, unknowingly, on the shores of Monterey Bay. This time they readily recognized the long-sought harbor.

While waiting for the *San Antonio,* they were busy making friends with the Indians. "The natives of Monterey," says Costanso in his diary, "live in the hills, the nearest about one and a half leagues from the coast. These mountaineers are extremely gentle. They never come to visit the Spaniards without bringing them a substantial present of game, which, as a rule, consists of two or three deer or antelope, which they offer without demanding or even asking anything in return."

Won by presents of beads and ribbons, the Indians readily told their legends of the visit of Vizcaino and the cross of fire as well as many things about their own religion and their God, Chinigchinig.

On Wednesday, May 30, one week after Portola's arrival, the *San Antonio,* bringing Padre Serra and all things necessary for the founding of three missions, anchored close up to the shore.

Four days later, on the third of June, 1770, was founded the mission and presidio of San Carlos Borromeo de Monterey.

San Carlos (Saint Charles) was the son of an Italian nobleman. He gave up the pleasures of a life at court to enter the priesthood. He died in 1584 and was canonized a saint in 1610. For him the mission was named and to him dedicated.

"On the feast of Pentecost," writes Padre Serra, in a letter to the Grand Master in Mexico, "close by the same shore and under the same oak-tree under which the Fathers of Vizcaino's expedition had celebrated mass, we built an altar. After the ringing of the bells and the singing of the Hymn Veni Creator, the water was blessed and we erected and blessed a great cross and unfurled the royal colors.

"I then sang the first High Mass known to have been offered at this place. During mass I preached and at its conclusion we chanted the Salve Regina before a picture of Our Lady, which occupied a place on the altar. The ceremonies were concluded with the singing of the Te Deum, after which the officers performed the act of taking possession of the land in the name of the King, our Lord. The celebration was accompanied with the firing of cannon, both on land and on board the ship."

This letter was despatched to Mexico by Portola, who sailed south on the *San Antonio*, turning his command over to Lieutenant Fages.

All hands set to work putting up a rustic shelter of boughs and tule grass for the altar.

Eager for more beads, the Indians brought great limbs of trees and the choicest of tall tules. There was nothing warlike about these Indians. They were skilled in the arts of peace alone.

With Junipero Serra had come his lifelong friend, Padre Palou. While Padre Serra was busy with the actual conduct of the mission, Fray Palou was studying Indians. Some of their customs, as he reports them, are quite odd:

"All the natives of Upper California, both men and women, cut their hair very short, especially when some of their relatives or friends die. In these cases, they also put ashes on their heads, faces and other parts of the body.

"Both sexes go nearly naked, having only a wrapper around the waist. In winter they use a sort of outer garment of deer-skin or otter-skin, or the feathers of water fowl. These latter are chiefly worn by the women. The feathers are twisted or tied together into a sort of ropes and these are then tied together so as to leave a feathery surface on both sides.

"The natives of this part of the country maintain themselves by the seeds and herbs of the field, to collect which, when in season, is the duty of the women. The seeds they grind and of the flour make gruel and sometimes a kind of pudding of dough, which they form into balls of the size of an orange. Some of the flour has an agreeable taste and is very nutritious; that produced from a black seed has the taste of toasted almonds. To this diet they add fish which they catch on the shores of the Bay and which are exceedingly good; they have also shell fish in abundance."

"In removing, they take all their furniture on their shoulders. It consists of: a chest, a dish, a bowl made in the shape of a high-crowned hat, a bone which serves them for an awl in making it, a little piece of touchstone for kindling a fire, a small net in which they put their fruit and nuts,

another in the shape of a purse or bag fastened to a kind of prong across their shoulders, in which they carry their children, and lastly, their bow and arrows, to which some, who affect elegancy, add a horn for drinking. Those who live near the coast have also a net for fishing."

SAN CARLOS DEL CARMELO

For a year the mission remained at Monterey. Padre Serra had come to realize by that time that it would prosper better in the valley of El Rio Carmelo, five miles away. The crops had to be raised there; most of the Indians lived there and they would be farther from the evil influences of the Presidio in that place. The mission at Monterey was therefore abandoned and moved to Carmel.

Neophytes at once began to get timbers ready for a new church. A few months later, Padre Serra reported that: "A line of strong, high posts, set into the ground close together, enclosed a rectangular space which contained simple wooden houses serving as church and dwellings. The walls of these took the stockade form. The square was seventy yards long and forty-three yards wide, with ravelins at the corners. For want of nails, the upright palisades were not secured at the top.

"Within, the chief building, also of palisade walls, plastered inside and out with clay, measured seven by fifty yards and was divided into six rooms. One room served for a church, another for the missionaries and a third for a store-room. The best rooms were whitewashed. This building was roofed with timbers, which were covered with mud. A slighter structure, used as a kitchen, was roofed with grass. Outside the stockade were the huts of the Indians."

In this chapel, with the help of their portable grind organ, whose front was made to resemble a pipe-organ, Padres Serra and Palou said mass and tried to teach Christianity to the Indians.

San Carlos Borromeo del Carmelo de Monterey became the capital of the missions, where Padre Serra himself labored. For such a position, a mere log chapel would not suffice. They immediately commenced to quarry stone from the nearby hills for a new church. Before Padre Serra died, the walls of this building were about ten feet high. It was completed after his death.

Besides San Carlos, only the Royal Chapel at Monterey and Mission Santa Barbara ever had stone chapels.

The Indians took kindly to the monotonous life of prayer, work and sleep and San Carlos

prospered. General Fages' report of 1773 showed "That there were 162 neophytes. Of these, 15 had been baptized and there had been 26 marriages."

The children were in time taught to weave, crochet and knit, to practice carpentry, to forge and plow, and, according to church authority, a few of the brightest to read and write; but always with a view merely of teaching them to *do*, never of training them to teach others. The Padres looked after their social needs, too, and as substitutes for their savage and often immoral dances provided bull-fights, cock-fights, horse races, civilized dances and simple games.

"The control of the neophytes," ran the royal decree, "and their education and correction are to be left exclusively to the friars, acting in the capacity of fathers toward children."

Some idea of the amount of work they accomplished may be gathered from a letter of Padre Serra to Mexico, dated Sept. 9, 1774:

"This year there have been harvested at this mission, in addition to 20 fanegas (bushels) of barley, 125 of wheat, together with some horse-beans, and a greater quantity of kidney-beans and continuous crops from the vegetable gardens, in the consumption of which all share. There is reason for expecting a fair return from the maize sown, as it is now well grown and in good condition.

"There will be obtained a goodly number of fish from the abundance of sardines which for twenty days have been spawning along the beach near this mission, and a reasonable harvest from the spiritual advancement we are experiencing every day, thanks be to God. At all the missions preparations are making for more extensive sowings next year and I trust in God that a happy outcome may attend the work."

A PIONEER CAPITAL

Until Governor Neve arrived in 1774, life at the Presidio was almost as monotonous as that at the mission. The soldiers had to assist in putting up their quarters and in cultivating enough ground to raise a part of their own food. They spent their spare time smoking, playing cards, drinking sweet wine from the Southern Missions and making secret love to the Indian girls who came over from San Carlos to work for the officers. In fact, "in 1773, three soldiers had already married native women."

V. R. DEL V. P. F. JUNIPERO SERRA

hijo de la S.ta Pro.ca de N.P.S. Fran.co de la Isla de Mallorca. P. y Ex.co de Theol.a Comis.o del S.to Of.o
del Ap.l Col.o de S.ta Fern.a de Mex.co Fund.r y Presid.te de las Miss.es de la Calif.a Septent.l Muric
en 9.re Sisma de sant.n en la Mis.n de S. Carlos del Hu.o del N. Monte-Rey a 2. S. de Ag.to de 17
de edad de 70. a.s 9.m 4. d.s hall.o gastada la mit.d de su vida en el exerc.o de Murien.o Apost.co

The mail that came from Spain in 1776 brought a royal command for the Governor to reside in Monterey as the capital of both Baja (Southern) and Alta (Northern) California.

Monterey had become in one day mistress of a land of fabled riches. Yet the even tenor of her existence was broken only by Governor Neve's wordy quarrels with President Serra when one assumed prerogatives of mission control that were claimed by the other.

A little diversion was furnished in 1781. For the first time in Monterey's history, the galleon carrying the rich cargoes from Manila to Spain failed to anchor there en route to the home port. Word was sent post haste to Señor Galvez, Minister of State for Mexico and California. He communicated with the King, who decreed that: "In future galleons must call at Monterey under a penalty of $4,000, unless prevented by contrary winds."

In the mail of 1782, Governor Neve received the welcome news of his recall to Mexico. He immediately prepared his official reports and a long series of instructions for his successor, Señor Fages.

Of first importance, he warned Fages, was the maintenance of friendly relations with the Indians. For this purpose he had left several boxes of glass beads and 71 bundles of ribbons to be distributed as gifts among them.

Governor Fages found life in Monterey unpleasantly lonesome. In March, 1784, he brought his wife, Doña Eulalia, and his little son, Pedrito, from Loreto. Thus unpretentiously began the social life of the Spanish capital.

Doña Eulalia had seen very few Indians on her journey from Mexico to meet her husband at Loreto. From thence they came by boat and she saw none. Horror and motherly pity filled her heart at the sight of dozens of them around Monterey nearly naked just as before the coming of the white men. In a vain attempt to relieve their supposed suffering, she gave them nearly all her own dresses, to the immense delight of the Indians, who used them for everything except to wear.

Life at the Presidio was no longer dull. Very often the lights twinkled there long after the stars were asleep and the birds' matins were mingled with the dancing strains of tinkling guitars.

DEATH OF PADRE SERRA

One morning, a strange, somber sound broke upon the ears of the dancers. It was the chapel bell of San Carlos, tolling the death of Padre Junipero Serra. He died August 28, 1784.

As soon as Padre Palou realized that his loved friend was dead, he had commanded the bewildered neophytes to toll the bell.

Three days before, warned by a dream that his life was near its end, Fray Junipero had superintended the making of his own coffin. Now, in the same garments in which he had died, his body was laid in the coffin, around which six candles burned.

The doors were opened and the neophytes, released for the day from mission discipline, heaped bouquets of wild flowers at his feet, touched his hands with their rosaries and called him "Holy Father" and "Blessed One."

At dusk, the neophytes, soldiers and sailors formed a procession and carried Padre Serra's body to the church. A table, with six wax candles already lighted, stood ready to receive the revered remains.

Two soldiers were put on guard to see that no one touched the body. All night, devout groups took turns repeating the Rosary and keeping tearful watch. In the morning, Fray Palou found that bits of the Venerable Father's habit and locks of hair had been stolen for relics by those who sought a special blessing.

On Sunday, August 29, the Requiem Mass was sung. No man, woman or child who was able to leave his bed was absent. All day long the chapel bell tolled and every half hour cannon were fired. The Indian choir sang a dirge at the end of the ceremony, but the sobs of the people drowned the voices of the chanters.

As the last amen was pronounced, the people pressed forward, begging for relics. Fray Palou had none to give, but promised to bless and distribute whatever relics he could find, on September 5.

On the appointed day, he presented to all who came tiny bits of Padre Serra's undergarments. To the royal surgeon he gave one of the President's handkerchiefs.

Years later, the surgeon told of a poor sailor whose apparently incurable headache had been miraculously removed by binding the handkerchief on his head.

The soldiers stationed at San Carlos said that for many years, at whatever hour of the night the guard was changed, they could hear Padre Serra praying.

Junipero Serra, pioneer founder of the missions of Alta California, was born in Mallorca,*

*Also spelled "Majorca."

Spain, November 24, 1713. He entered the priesthood while yet a boy and soon became famous for his piety. When the call came for foreign missionaries, he begged to be allowed to go to America. Church officials considered him too young. Later, his request was granted and, with Palou, he gave up a career to save the heathen.

Kind, loving, patient—save when the Governors interfered with his prerogatives — courageous, and, above all, a zealous Catholic, such a man was Junipero Serra. Even today, his teachings are not forgotten. nor is his stern doctrine of self-punishment to atone for sin.

A strange story is told of one of his modern disciples: A few years ago, a young man was out hunting deer. Suddenly he came upon a fresh trail of blood leading away from the road. As he followed it, the trail became steadily larger. Thinking it was some wounded animal, he held his gun cocked ready to put the poor creature out of its misery.

All at once he stopped. His gun dropped to the ground and a cry of horror broke from his lips. Startled by the noise, a young Indian woman looked around. She held a jagged piece of quartz in each hand. With these she was tearing the flesh on her arms and body. Behind her trailed a heavy log, which she was dragging along by a rope knotted around her head.

No shot was needed to end her suffering. Pain and loss of blood had nearly accomplished that. To the man, who vainly tried to bind up her wounds, she whispered in broken English: "My baby, he get so sick and I pray, O, how I pray! But my baby died. Then I know the white man's God is angry at my boy. He never have been baptized. My mother tell me the great Padre Serra say we must suffer to save others, like one big man did, long time ago. So I suffer for my baby. I no—mind die, only I 'fraid—he—no—go—to—hea-ven." The last word started her soul on its eternal quest for the baby she had lost.

Palou, at the earnest entreaty of the neophytes, the government officials and the other Padres, assumed the office of President until a formal appointment could be made.

In response to his appeal that his great age unfitted him for such heavy responsibilities, the authorities selected Fermin Francis de Lasuen to succeed Palou. Lasuen was a native of Victoria, Spain, and had been working in the California missions since 1768.

A prominent historian says of him:

"His piety and humility were of an agreeable type, unobtrusive and blended with common

sense. Padre Lasuen, to a remarkable degree for his time and environment, based his hopes of future reward on purity of life, kindness and courtesy to all and a zealous performance of duty as a man, a Christian and a Franciscan."

The need of some organized religious instruction for the inhabitants of Monterey was beginning to be felt. Accordingly, in 1790, a church was erected, called the Chapel of Our Lady of Guadalupe, ornamented in front with a picture of Our Lady. In the walk before it was a Star of Hope, made of the vertebræ of whales, then so common in the Bay. This was the first church, as distinct from a mission, established in California. Since it was the chapel in which the King's representative worshiped, it came to be known as the Royal Chapel, the only one ever built in California.

A Padre from the mission went over to Monterey once a week and said mass. Sometimes, if he was very busy, only once a month. He would go, too, for weddings or christenings or funerals and occasionally for some special holiday.

FIRST FOREIGN VISITOR

Four years before the Royal Chapel was built, Governor Fages and Doña Eulalia gave a ball in honor of the great French scientist, M. La Perousse. It was the first reception to a foreign visitor ever held in California.

La Perousse had been sent by his King to study and report on the exact conditions in these newest colonies of Spain.

How well Governor Fages succeeded in making the scientist's stay pleasant, is best told in La Perousse's own words:

"Cattle, garden stuff and milk were sent aboard in abundance. The desire of serving us seemed even to disturb the harmony between the commander of the two vessels (government frigates) and Governor Fages. Each was desirous of providing exclusively for our wants; and when the account was to be discharged, we were obliged to insist on their receiving our money.

"The garden stuff, milk and poultry and the assistance of the garrison in wooding and watering were offered free; and the cattle, sheep and corn were charged at so low a rate that it was evident an account had been presented to us merely because we had insisted upon it.

"Now, as to the place itself. Monterey Bay, formed by New Year's Point to the north and

Point Cypress to the south, presents an opening of eight leagues in this direction and nearly six in depth. To the east, the land is low and sandy. The sea rolls to the foot of the sandy downs which border the coast and produces a noise which we heard when more than a league distant. The lands to the north and south of this Bay are elevated and covered with trees.

"The Spanish vessels which make a long stay at Monterey usually come within six fathoms of the shore and anchor in the sand. They are then protected from the strong south winds.

"There were many whales. The sea was covered with pelicans. I have since been informed that they are common over the whole coast of California.

"European cultivators can form no conception of as abundant fertility of wheat, etc. Fruit trees are extremely scarce, but the climate is proper for their cultivation. The forest trees stand apart from each other without underwood and a verdant carpet over which it is pleasant to walk covers the ground. There are vacant places, several leagues in extent, forming vast plains covered with all sorts of game. The land, though very productive, is light and sandy and owes its fertility to the humidity of the air. The nearest running stream to the Presidio is two leagues distant. It is called by the ancient navigators, Rio de Carmel.

A DAY WITH THE NEOPHYTES

"The church (at Carmel) is neat, though thatched with straw. Adorning it are some tolerable pictures copied from originals in Italy. Among the number is a picture of hell, in which the painter appears to have borrowed from the imagination of Callot. As the imagination of these new converts must be struck with the liveliest impressions, I am persuaded that such a representation was never more useful in any country. I doubt whether the picture of Paradise, opposite to that of hell, produces so good an effect. The state of tranquillity which it represents is an idea too abstruse for the uncultivated savages. But rewards must be put by the side of punishments and it was a point of duty that no change be permitted in the kind of enjoyments which the Catholic religion promises to men.

"The house of the missionaries as well as the different storehouses are opposite the church. The Indian village stands on the right, consisting of about fifty huts, which serve for 740 persons of both sexes, including the children, which compose the Mission of San Carlos. These huts are the most wretched that are anywhere met with. They are round, six feet in diameter and four

feet high. Some stakes, the thickness of a man's arm, stuck in the ground and meeting at the top, compose the frame. Eight or ten bundles of straw, ill-arranged over these stakes, are the only defense against the rain. When the weather is fine, more than half the hut remains uncovered.

"The Indians who have embraced Christianity are, in general, diminutive and weak and exhibit none of that spirit of independence which characterizes the natives of the north. Their color nearly approaches that of the negroes whose hair is not woolly.

"These Indians are extremely skilful with the bow. Their patience in approaching their prey is inexpressible. Their industry in hunting larger game is still more remarkable.

"They have two games at which they spend a great deal of time. The first of these is called Takersia. It consists in throwing a little ring, about three inches in diameter, and making it roll in a space ten fathoms (about 65 feet) square, covered with grass and surrounded by bits of wood. Each of the two players has a stick about the size of an ordinary cane and about five feet long. They try to put this stick through the ring while it is in motion. If they succeed, they gain two points. If the ring, when it stops rolling, reposes on their stick, they gain one point. The game is three points.

"The other game is called Toussi. There are four players, two on each side. Each, in his turn, hides a bit of wood in one of his hands, while his partner shouts and makes a thousand gestures to attract the attention of their adversaries, who must guess which hand holds the wood. They gain or lose a point according as they have guessed well or ill and the side which gains has a right to hide the wood in their turn. The game is five points.

"Men and women are called together at the sound of a bell; a priest conducts them to work, to church and to all their exercises. I say it with regret, the memory is so painful, that I have seen men and women in irons, others in the stocks and, besides, the sound of blows with whips might have been heard, for this punishment, too, is permitted, though administered with little severity.

"Corporal punishment is inflicted on Indians of both sexes who fail in their religious exercises. Many offenses, whose punishment, in Europe, would be left to Divine justice, are punished here by irons or stocks.

"The Indians, like the missionaries, rise with the sun; go to prayer and mass, which last one

hour. During this time, in the middle of the square, they are cooking some barley flour, that has been parched before it was ground, in three large kettles. This sort of broth, which the Indians call Atole and which they like very much, is not seasoned with pepper or salt and for us would be very insipid.

"Each hut sends and gets the rations for all its inhabitants on a piece of bark. There is neither confusion nor disorder. When the kettles are empty, the scrapings are given to the children who have done best in their Catechism.

"This meal lasts for three-quarters of an hour, after which they all go to their labor, some to plow the land with oxen, others to spade the garden, etc.

"The women do scarcely anything except attend to their own and their children's personal needs and grind the grain. This latter operation is very difficult and slow, as they have no other way of doing it than to crush the grain on a stone with a cylindrical piece of rock.

"M. de Langle made the missionaries a present of his mill. Now there will be time for spinning the wool of the sheep and for making coarse stuffs. But, up to the present, the Padres, more concerned with their spiritual welfare than their temporal needs, have sadly neglected the introduction of the most useful arts. They are, themselves, so austere that they have only a single room in which there can be a fire, though it gets very cold here in winter. . . .

"At noon, the bell announces dinner. The Indians thereupon leave work and send for their rations in the same dish in which they got their breakfast. This second broth is thicker than the first and there is wheat, corn and beans added to it. The Indians call it Poussoli.

"They return to work at two o'clock and work till five or six. They then have evening prayer, which lasts nearly an hour and which is followed by a new ration of Atole like that which they had for breakfast. Such are all their days."

La Perousse published his report in 1792. That year, England sent one of her own scientists, George Vancouver, to find out what conditions in California really were. He, too, was impressed with the hospitality of the Padres and the wretched life of the neophytes.

"Our reception at the mission," he reports, "could not fail to convince us of the joy and satisfaction we communicated to the worthy Fathers, who in return made the most hospitable offers of every refreshment the homely abode afforded.

"An Indian village is in the neighborhood; it appeared to us small, yet the number of its inhabitants under the immediate direction of this mission are said to be 800. Notwithstanding these people are taught and employed from time to time in many of the occupations most useful to civilized society, they had not made themselves any more comfortable habitations than those of their forefathers; nor did they seem in any respect to have benefited by the instruction they had received."

SOCIETY IN SPANISH MONTEREY

In 1802, one year before Padre Lasuen's death, Señor Munras, the first regularly trained surgeon, came to Monterey. He ranked as a captain in the army and brought with him his wife and little son.

Twenty-two years later, the Captain's son married. The hollow square of adobes, on El Camino Real, very near the Royal Chapel, that he built for his bride was the first home, apart from the officers' quarters, in Monterey. Following the custom of Mexico, the Montereyans had been warming their rooms by means of live coals placed in a pan.

In his childhood, Señor Munras' mother had told him of fireplaces in Spain. A favorite with the Padres, he easily secured their best neophyte workmen. By using much time and more patience, he finally succeeded in having them build two fireplaces in his new home. They were the first in Alta California.

One day, the ladies of Monterey helped put things in order in the new home and the next came to take three o'clock tea with the bride. All the older matrons, in their best stiff silks and gay bonnets, sat round the big dining table. In tones as dainty as the cups from which they sipped their tea, they chatted of Doña this and Doña that and the ball of Saturday night.

In the next room might be heard the soft music of guitars, the light laughter of young girls and the rhythmic click of their slipper heels as they danced the dreamy afternoon away.

It was Doña Munras' first tea and nearly all her guests remained to partake of the evening meal, served by awkward Indian girls sent over from Mission San Carlos.

The gentlemen came in the evening. The old ladies acted as chaperones. The young folks spent the night in dancing and planning tomorrow's picnic.

As the first notes of the contradanza rose above the music of happy voices and eager laugh-

ter, each caballero hastened to his partner's side. The couples formed as for a quadrille; but the intricate steps that followed bore no resemblance to its American cousin.

The dancers were scarcely seated when the quick music of "La Jota" sounded. Each Don sped to the Señorita of his choice and, spreading his bright silk serape (cloak) before her feet, sang a love ditty, improvised if possible, to entreat her to dance with him.

A young officer knelt before the bride, singing:

PUDICA JOVEN (MODEST MAID).

Púdica joven de virtud modelo,
De mis ensueños celestial querubín,
Que entre medio de radiantes nubes
Oyez la voz del hombre que te ama,
Oyez la voz del hombre que te llama
Alma de su alma, vida de su amor.

* * * * * * *

Modest maid of model virtue,
Cherubim of all my dreams,
Wand'ring mid the radiant clouds,
Hear the voice of him who loves you,
Hear the voice of him who calls you,
Soul of his soul, life of his love.

The music changed; the grave Comandante murmured to his partner as she curtsied, while, held in her outstretched hands, her silken scarf floated mistily behind her:

LOS OJOS NEGROS.

"Son tus ojos dos astros que guían
A la grata mansión deliciosa;
Son tus ojos cual púdica rosa
Que el rocio de la aurora entreabrio;
Son dos astros que en el alto cielo
Brillan siempre con luz vespertina;

Son tus ojos, mujer, tan divinos
Que el Eterno al formarlos sonrió."

* * * * * * *

Thine eyes are two bright stars that guide
To pleasing homes of heavenly bliss;
Thine eyes are like the modest rose
Half oped by dewdrop's morning kiss;
They are two stars that in the lofty sky
With light of evening stars shine all the while;
Thine eyes, O maiden, are so near divine
They make the Eternal on his dais smile.

At last the music ceased. A young girl rose at one end of the room and, while the dancers rested, sang:

La Golondrina (The Swallow).

"Adonde irá veloz y fatigada
La golondrina que de aquí se va?
Si en el viento remirá angustiada
Buscando abrigo, y no lo encontrará.
Deje también mi patria idolatrada
Esa mansión que me miro nacer.
Mi vida es hoy errante y angustiada
Y yo no puedo á mi mansión volver."

* * * * * * *

Whither fliest thou, swift or weary,
Swallow, winging far from here?
If, on high, thou meet'st misfortune,
Aid thou seek'st will not appear.
Thus I leave my lovèd country,
Chasing cloud dreams, far I roam;

But, today, I wander weary,
I cannot regain my home.

"Señorita Maria will dance El Son," announced Don Munras. As she danced, the young men piled their hats on her head till the odd headdress was taller than its wearer. When the dance was ended, each hat was redeemed for a piece of silver.

One lad lingered by her side till the last hat was gone, then, heedless of the opening bars of La Varzoviana, whispered in her ear, that was half hid by a huge red rose, nestling in the softly twisted hair:

TE AMO (I LOVE YOU).

"Te amo, si, te amo de veras;
No puedo más ocultarlo;
Para que mi bien callarlo
Si conociéndolo estás.

"No más silencio que oprime,
No más silencio que mata,
Serás á mi amor ingrata!
Dime que no por piedad,
No, no, por piedad, no, no."

* * * * * * *

I love you, yes, I love you truly;
No longer can I hold my tongue,
That I may well conceal my passion,
For you already guess my love.

No longer, silence that oppresses,
No longer, silence that destroys,
Shalt thou be my love's betrayer;
Be it not, in pity's name,
No, no, in pity's name, no, no.

Before Señorita Maria could answer, another caballero whirled her away for La Varzoviana. When the fun was at its highest, a gray light began to steal into the big room. It was morning.

A few hours later, they started for the picnic grounds, the young señoritas and the caballeros on horseback, the older ladies in carts.

The wheels of the cart were cut transversely from the lower end of a tree, with a hole through the center for a large wood axle. The tongue was a long, heavy beam. The yoke rested on the heads of the oxen and was lashed to their horns, close down to the root.

The deep body of the cart was carefully swept and covered with tule mats, while sheets and pieces of canvas were stretched over arched poles to protect the riders from the sun.

The girls busied themselves with the arrangement of their big, gayly colored silk handkerchiefs, which, like the American's sunbonnet, kept freckles away from fair cheeks. The young men improvised songs in honor of their favorite señorita or played the Love Call on their guitars.

At the picnic grounds, Indian servants arranged a regular feast. The afternoon was passed in horse-racing, card-playing and love-making.

The party returned to Monterey just as the Angelus bell was ringing. The girls brought back with them wild flowers and green branches to decorate the church. The next day was a holy day and the Padre (as was the custom for years afterward) spent the night at the Munras' home.

On Saturday came the chief dance of the week, lasting until time to prepare for mass. Sunday morning was spent in church, the rest of the day in innocent revelry.

So passed the days and the weeks for Doña Munras and the others of her social set. The common soldiers and their Indian or Mexican wives meanwhile spent their time in coarser imitations of the pleasures of the lords and ladies, gente de razón, as they called themselves.

FEARS OF FOREIGN AGGRESSION

All along the coast, during the first years of the nineteenth century, apprehensions of danger from the Americans were constantly growing. In 1805, Captain Goycocha, Lieutenant Governor of Baja California, wrote to the City of Mexico expressing the prevalent opinion of the officers: "The Anglo-Americans within the past few years have come not only to frequent our waters in

search of pearls, etc., but they come with arrogant boldness to anchor in our harbors. This proud nation, constantly increasing its strength, may one day venture to measure it with Spain, and acquiring such knowledge of our seas and coasts may make California the object of its attack, knowing, by the visits referred to, what the Province contains."

In 1815, a new Governor, Sola by name, came to live at Monterey. At the executive mansion he was met by a delegation of twenty young girls, chaperoned by Doña Magdalena Estudillo, who made the address of welcome. Each maiden kissed the Governor's hand and was rewarded by bon-bons.

A banquet followed. Flowers from the garden of Felipe Garcia ornamented a table laden with the rarest delicacies of the Province.

In the afternoon, soldiers dressed as vaqueros performed feats of horsemanship. A bear and bull fight followed.

*"Five large gray bears had been caught and fastened in a pen built for the purpose of confining bulls, during a bullbaiting. A bull held by ropes was brought by men on horseback and thrown down. A bear was then drawn up to him and they were fastened together by a rope fifteen feet long. One end was tied around the front foot of the bull and the other around the hind foot of the bear. The two were then left to spring upon their feet. The bull started for the bear—and, it took fourteen bulls to kill the five bears."

The ladies of Monterey had arranged a ball for the evening and only the firing of the morning salute interrupted the dancers.

While endless festivities were making life at the capital one round of pleasure, the mission at Carmel was gaining in numbers of neophytes and size of harvests. In 1796, Fray Payeras, then in his twenty-seventh year, was detailed as a missionary at San Carlos.

Bancroft says of him: "It was impossible to quarrel with him and even Governor Sola's peevish and annoying complaints never ruffled his temper. Yet he had an extraordinary business ability and was a clear and forcible as well as voluminous writer and, withal, a man of great strength of mind and firmness of character."

Such qualities as these caused the mission authorities to appoint him President upon the death of Padre Lasuen in 1803.

*Quoted from Pattie "Personal Narrative," p. 304.

Mission affairs prospered under his rule. In 1820, the statistics were: Population, 381; large stock, 3,438; sheep, 4,032; horses and mules, 438.

In 1814, Mr. James Gilroy, a Scotchman and founder of the town of Gilroy, came to Monterey and for five years complained of the deadly monotony of life there. Not even a boat came into the harbor. Besides, only the socially elect, to which class foreigners did not belong, dared go to the teas and picnics.

In 1819, a pirate vessel from Buenos Ayres, flying its deadly flag, sailed into the harbor and began shelling the fort. A few well-aimed missles sufficed to make the little garrison surrender. The pirates harmed no one. They were content to take all firearms, silver, jewels and money they could find in the town and depart quietly. Señora Munras had new spoons, to replace those stolen by the pirates, made out of the spangles that she ripped off two court dresses from Spain.

INCIPIENT INSURRECTIONS

Monterey finally became tired of being neglected by His Most Catholic Majesty. Her experience with the pirates had proved the inefficiency of his protection. In 1820, the Montereyans took things into their own hands. An Ayuntamiento (Town Council) was elected and Téodose Flores made first Alcalde (Mayor) of Monterey.

This Ayuntamiento continued to hold occasional meetings until 1827. By that time it was thoroughly organized and holding regular annual meetings. In the actual revolt of New Spain in 1822, Monterey played very little part.

Pirates and revolutions had almost no effect on the every-day life of the capital. When Governor Sola came to Monterey in 1815, he found a school in operation and took pride in continuing and improving it. "The Monterey school," say people of that time, "in comparison with even the most primitive establishments of the Atlantic States at the same epoch, was a very crude affair. . . .

"Rude benches extended along the sides of a long, low, adobe room with dirty, unpainted walls. On a raised platform at one end sat the soldier teacher, of fierce and warlike mien, clad in fantastic, greasy garments, with ferule in hand. On the wall over his head was a great green cross and the picture of a saint, to which each boy came on entering the room to say a bendito aloud. Then he approached the platform to salute the master by kissing his hand and receive a bellowed permission to take his seat, which he did after throwing his hat on a pile in the corner."

From the Charles B. Turrill Historical Collection

The home of the humbler Spaniard was no more pretentious than the school. One thing, however, even the poorest could boast was a beautiful bed. Lace-trimmed counterpanes, pillows and curtains often hid a bed made by stretching a bull's hide over a wooden frame. Aside from her bed, the housewife gave little thought to furniture. A few rawhide-bottomed chairs, or wooden benches, a rude table and some cheap copies of religious pictures were sufficient for her needs.

She always managed, also, to have a little corner and simple altar where the family might worship the patron saint of the household.

The haciendas of the Gente de Razón presented a vivid contrast. Large, cool, airy chambers, furniture very often imported from Mexico or Spain, plenty of silverware and dainty dishes and Indian servants (from the mission) to do the work while Doña So and So swung the hammock of her first-born (they never used cradles) in time to her lullaby:

"Duérmete, niño chiquito;
Duérmete, que yo te arrollo;
Duérmete, niño chiquito,
Al echo de ro, ro, ro.

"Duérmete, niño chiquito,
Ya la luna se metio;
Duérmete, querido infante,
Al echo de ro, ro, ro.

"Cállate, chiquito;
Cállate, bonito,
Que ahí viene el coyote,
Y á comerte viene."

* * * * * * *

Softly slumber, little baby,
Slumber softly as thy swing goes;
Gently slumber, little baby,
By the lull of ro, ro, ro.

Sweetly slumber, little baby,
For the moon's asleep, I know.
Close thy eyelids, darling baby,
By the lull of ro, ro, ro.

Hush thy sobs, dear baby;
Dry thy tears, good baby;
Gray wolf comes who heard thee cry;
Mother'll hide thee, hush-a-bye.

A crude echo of that soft lullaby, in through the open door came the drone of an Indian mother's "Bye Baby Bunting" song:

"Hate mes, mes huate,
Olola, olola, olola,
Aya, hni hila,
Aya hui hile.
Hilo me nanate
Halma nana halmai
Chieale, me polote
Halmana, hal mana."

* * * * * * *

Hush, my baby; sleep my baby;
Hush-a-bye, hush-a-bye, hush-a-bye.
Hark, the woods are sleeping;
Hark, the wild things slumber;
Father's gone to kill the rabbit
And the deer so swiftly leaping,
All to give to his dear baby;
Close your eyes, close your eyes.

The establishment of the Mexican Empire was announced in Monterey in March, 1822, and March 26 Governor Sola communicated the news to the commandants and to President Payeras, representing the missions, whom he summoned to a junta (meeting) at Monterey. The junta met the 9th of April. April 11 the Oath of Allegiance to Mexico was taken.

Iturbide was crowned Emperor Augustin I of Mexico, July 21, 1822. The official announcement of that event did not reach Monterey till the end of March, 1823. On April 12, the Oath of Allegiance to the Emperor was taken at Monterey and, as soon thereafter as the news could be carried, in all parts of the Province.

FIRST FOOTHOLDS OF THE AMERICANS

In 1822, Captain Goycocha's prophecy of seventeen years before began to be fulfilled. Americans gained their first foothold in Monterey. Hugh McCulloch and William Hartnell established the first commercial house in California as a branch of a Lima firm, in June, 1822. The people were glad to have it, for through it they were able to obtain imported goods much more quickly and inexpensively than heretofore. A revolution was then in progress. Hence official sanction of almost any plan was easy to obtain.

Another circumstance which doubtless made the Californians rather kindly disposed toward foreigners was the relief given by the surgeon of the Russian boat *Kutusof,* during the smallpox epidemic of 1821. He had vaccine matter and, while the boat was in Monterey Bay, August, 1821, vaccinated fifty-four persons. This was the first vaccination in California.

Besides being men of keen business acumen, Hartnell and McCulloch were very honest and won the respect and friendship of the Californians. Thus simple were the beginnings of the Americanization of California.

REPUBLIC OF MEXICO

In 1824, the Provinces revolted from the Iturbide empire and established a republic.

March 26, 1825, the Constitution of the Mexican Republic was ratified at Monterey.

For the first time in her history, there was no religious ceremony. The Padres declined to subscribe to a democracy. They feared the effect of the new government on their missions.

The Cortez of Spain had decreed, in 1813, that all missions, ten years after their establish-

ment should be converted into pueblos, subject to secular authority in all matters, both civil and religious. All the missions were more than ten years old.

DESPOLIATION OF MISSIONS

Seeing an opportunity to seize the rich mission lands and obtain control of the Pious Fund, *the least scrupulous Mexican politicians determined on the immediate enforcement of the secularization decree of 1813.

As if to emphasize their determination, they granted whole leagues of the confiscated lands to their political foes, in order to remove them from Mexico and active participation in politics.

In the half century since the founding of the first missions, the Padres had labored, often with superhuman zeal, to train their neophytes in the dogma of the Roman Catholic Church. To the material welfare of the Indians, as contemporary evidence shows, they had given less thought.*

Moreover, the unnumbered acres of mission land were held by the Padres only as guardians for the Indians. When their wards became citizens, the Padres could no longer retain possession of the land. Their vows as Franciscan missionaries made it impossible for them to have a regular church and diocese, and the successors of Padre Serra were filled with less zeal than was he for finding new worlds to conquer.

In 1825, the Mexican Republic formally recognized California as a Territory, entitled to a representative in the Mexican Congress, without a vote.

Señor Echeandia was appointed first Governor of the Territory.

Money was needed to carry on the government and effectually subdue his enemies. To raise any large sum by taxation was impossible, since to do so would only furnish the citizens a just cause for complaining against him.

The Pious Fund, with its certain revenue, lay within his grasp if only the secularization of the missions could be quickly completed. He tried to hasten their destruction, failed, and, in 1829, lost his governorship.

AMERICANS IN POLITICS

The foreign residents (mostly Americans) of Monterey banded together and temporarily

*The Pious Fund, set aside by the Catholic Church for the maintenance of the Missions, was a sure source of money to run the government.

*See, for example the passages quoted from La Perousse; Vancouver's Voyage, etc.

restored Echeandia. I. O. Pattie, a Kentuckian who had come to California only a few years before, tells how they did it:

"Captain Cooper, who had been chosen as leader of the foreigners, rolled out a barrel of good old rum, inviting all the friends of General Solis (Echeandia's rival) to come and drink his health. They drank. We, like good Christians, with the help of some of the inhabitants, conveyed them into nearby houses while they remained in their helpless condition, locking the doors that no harm might come to them."

When General Solis, who was then in the south, fighting Echeandia, returned, he was greeted by a salute of cannon balls and forced to surrender.

In the next fifteen years, there were eight Governors of California. In only one case was the term of office terminated by anything but revolution.

The one exception was Governor Figueroa, known as the "best Mexican Governor California ever had." He entered upon his duties in January, 1833, and immediately began a series of reforms. A year before, William Hartnell, now a naturalized Mexican citizen, had started a school. To that especially the Governor directed his efforts. Señor Figueroa died September 29, 1835.

Each of the other seven Governors obtained their office through power of money and held it by the same means.

The struggle to wrench the Pious Fund away from the Padres grew yearly more fierce. In 1834, Señor Hijar, the Director of Colonization, came for the purpose of completing the secularization of the missions.*

Some of the Padres tried to hold their neophytes together, but, with most of their land and all of their authority gone, the attempt was futile. Like children suddenly released from all restraint, the Indians indulged every whim from mere indolence to actual crime and soon became public charges.

The Pious Fund might have saved them, but it was needed to save the Governors, and the Governors now had control.

By 1840, there were only a few dozen neophytes at San Carlos where, in 1829, Pattie had

*Senor Hijar came in the brig Natalia, the boat on which Napoleon escaped from St. Helena. It was wrecked while leaving Monterey, and later washed ashore. Pieces of it are still kept as relics.

vaccinated 800. The mission buildings were no longer used. Padre Jose Real, then in charge, lived at Monterey and held occasional services at the mission till 1845.

In Governor Pio Pico's decree of that year, San Carlos is spoken of as a pueblo (abandoned mission) and its property ordered to be sold at auction for the payment of debts and maintenance of worship. Mission San Carlos Borromeo del Carmelo de Monterey was only "the mummy of a buried faith."

The destruction of the mission was at last complete.

How urgently the Mexican Governors needed money was shown when Alvarado, a mere customs house clerk, overthrew Nicolas Gutierrez in 1836.

One day, General Gutierrez placed a guard on board a vessel that had just come to anchor with the avowed purpose of putting an end to the customs officers' practice of accepting and *keeping* bribes.

Thoroughly angry, they sent their clerk, Alvarado, to coax the Governor to remove the guard. The young clerk was fine looking, with dark hair and eyes and a clear complexion that associated itself with boyish frankness.

Gutierrez refused all requests and, as Alvarado's pleadings grew too eloquent, ordered him put in irons. Before the order could be executed, Alvarado had bribed his way past the guards and was on the road to San Juan Bautista.

Seeking shelter for the night, he came upon the log house of Isaac Graham, a sturdy Tennessee backwoodsman. To him Alvarado told his story. In order to enlist Graham's aid, he promised, if he were successful in deposing Gutierrez, to grant Californian independence and new laws permitting foreigners to acquire land without becoming Mexican citizens.

At Graham's call, fifty foreigners assembled, elected him captain, and joined the twenty-five Californians Alvarado had hastily collected. Under Alvarado's command, they marched against Monterey.

Forty-eight hours were spent in exchanging grandiloquent challenges and proclamations. Then Graham announced that "two days and nights a-waitin' on them baars was enough."

Under a flag of truce, he sent a blunt demand to Gutierrez to surrender within two hours. The Governor paid no attention.

At the end of two hours, Graham sent a ball from a four-pound brass piece through the tile roof of the executive mansion, just as the Governor sat down to dine. Gutierrez immediately surrendered.*

Thus Alvarado became Governor. But the promised laws failed to appear. The Mexicans were afraid of their American allies.

These bloodless revolutions interfered but little with the daily round of pleasures of the general populace, which culminated, each week, with Saturday's all day and all night dance. Their nights were filled with dancing and gambling and their days with picnics and hunting trips.

A favorite sport was hunting gray bears, which roamed the hills back of Monterey in great numbers. A horse was killed at a place where the bears usually gathered. Not far from the horse, a sort of scaffold, made of branches, was erected and upon this the hunters hid themselves. When the bears came for their tempting meal, lances, knives and bullets showered down upon them from the scaffold and the hunt was over.

Foreign scientists and explorers had been visiting California in steadily increasing numbers ever since the founding of Monterey in 1770. Not one of them failed to be impressed by the old capital.

The first scientist to make a very great impression on Monterey was Captain John C. Fremont, a United States topographical engineer. On Sunday, July 19, 1840, he rode into Monterey with his company of 180 men. They were mountaineers and frontiersmen, clad in buckskins and moccasins, sunburned and almost as formidable in appearance as a band of Apache Indians.

These Gringos (literally, ignoramus—men without manners of any sort), as the Californians called them, entertained the Montereyans with a new sport. Each man shot at Mexican dollars furnished by the young officers of the British ship *Collingwood* then in port. Each man kept the dollars he hit. The sport, though very exciting, only lasted a little while, for none of the British officers were millionaires.

Fremont himself devoted a few lines in his Memoirs to his first view of the capital:

"Before us to the right was the town of Monterey, with its red-tiled roofs and large gardens enclosed by high adobe walls capped with red tiles. To the left, the view was over the ships in the Bay and on over the ocean, where the July sun made the sea-breeze and the shade of the pine trees grateful."

*Cal. Reports V. 1, p. 580 ff.

Even more spectacular than Fremont's entrance was the next appearance of a band of Americans in Monterey some two years later. At that time, relations between Mexico and the United States were daily becoming more strained. The Texas question threatened to involve the two countries in actual war.

California was still a Province of Mexico in form if not in spirit and, as such, would be a legitimate object of attack in case of war. Realizing the danger of permitting a European nation to obtain a foothold on her Western coast, the government gave orders to all officers in the Pacific to seize and hold the ports of California as soon as war was declared.

In 1842, Commodore Thomas A. P. Catesby Jones, then at Callao, heard that hostilities had actually commenced.

He immediately set sail for Monterey, arriving there October 20. At 11 a. m. he sent ashore about 150 men to take possession of the castillo (fort) and raise the American flag. They met no resistance. At noon, the Mexican flag was lowered and the Stars and Stripes raised, while the guns of fort and warship joined in a salute.

The territory surrendered extended from San Juan Bautista to San Luis Obispo.

Before night, the Commodore learned of his mistake as to the commencing of active warfare and with many apologies, took down the flag and withdrew.

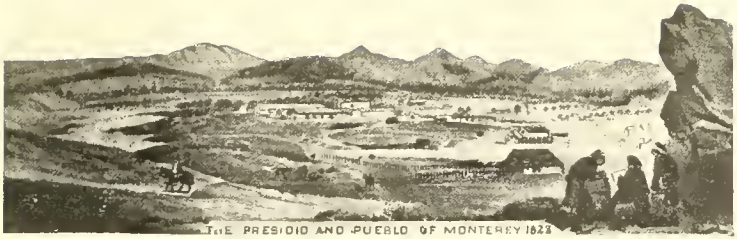
Sailing south, Jones stopped at Los Angeles to repeat his apologies to Governor Micheltorena, then on his way to Monterey.

Neither the Governor nor the people of California seem to have cherished any hard feelings against the impulsive commodore or the United States because of this mistake. The Californians had suffered too long from Mexico's neglect to resent an insult to the Mexican flag.

THE LAST MEXICAN GOVERNOR

Micheltorena was the last Governor sent to California by Mexico. His character, as described by Bancroft, was typical of that of most of the Mexican Governors:

"He was a strange mixture of good and bad; a most fascinating and popular gentleman; honest, skilful and efficient as an official in minor matters; utterly weak, unreliable and even dishonorable in all emergencies. In person, he was tall, slight and straight, with agreeable features, clean-shaven face, light complexion and brown hair."



THE PRESIDIO AND PUEBLO OF MONTEREY 1822

His rule, lasting a little over two years, was one long story of Indian revolts, soldiers' mutinies and politicians' plots.

February 1, 1845, he was driven out by Vallejo, Alvarado and Castro and Don Pio Pico elected Governor. "Don Pio Pico," writes an American officer in California at that time, "is about five feet seven inches high, corpulent, very dark, with strongly marked African features. He is, no doubt, an amiable, kind-hearted man who has ever been the tool of knaves. He does not appear to be more intelligent than the rancheros generally are. He can sign his name, but cannot, I am informed, write a connected letter."

CONCILIATING CALIFORNIA

During the later thirties, the American administration began to study the California situation. In 1832, a diplomatic American merchant, Thomas O. Larkin, had engaged in business in Monterey. In 1842, the United States sent him a commission as Consul to protect American shipping interests and colonists. In a secret letter, they also appointed him confidential agent.

His duties were to report all significant changes in the local political situation and to make the Californians friendly to the United States. Consul Larkin succeeded almost perfectly in doing both.

His home was the scene of the most brilliant and select balls, where more than one fair señorita wore out two pairs of slippers in a single night.

EUROPEAN COLONIZERS

Europe was also looking over the situation.

In 1845, Duflot de Mofras, a French officer, came from Louis Philippe to California to look over the country with reference to colonizing a part of it for France. He made extensive investigations at Monterey and reported favorably to his government.

Since this French plan of colonization was abandoned on account of the change in governments in 1846, its only real importance was to help keep California before the eyes of the world.

Ireland's interests were represented by Eugene MacNamara, an Irish Catholic priest, who planned an Irish colony for California.

Early in the year 1845, he petitioned the government of Mexico for land. He stated that the enterprise had in view three things: "First, the advance of Catholicism; second, to promote the

interests of his countrymen; third, to place an impediment in the way of the spread of an anti-Catholic nation."

He promised two thousand families at first and more to follow.

Growing tired of the delays incident to all such undertakings, he wrote a letter to the President, urging haste.

"If the means I propose to you are not promptly adopted," he wrote, "Your Excellency may rest assured that before the end of another year the Californias will form a part of the American Union."

On June 29, 1846, he arrived in Santa Barbara armed with the proper authority from Mexico. Governor Pico approved the plan and referred it to the Departmental Assembly. Upon the seventh day of July, that body gave its approval and turned the papers over to Pico for his signature.

Too late; Father MacNamara's prophecy of 1845 had already been fulfilled.

BEAR FLAG

In 1845, five years after his first expedition to California, Captain Fremont again crossed the Sierras. This time he came to make some topographical surveys of possible routes across the Rockies to California. He brought with him about sixty assistants, all quite as skilful with the rifle as with the surveyor's rod.

The young Captain obtained permission from General Jose Castro, acting Comandante of Upper California, to winter in the San Joaquin Valley.

Castro, as seen by one of the American officers, was "a villain with a lean body, dark face, black mustachios, pointed nose, flabby cheeks, uneasy eyes, and hands and heart so foul as to require a Spanish cloak, in all kinds of weather, to cover them."

The surveying party moved about so freely as to awaken Castro's fears of possible motives other than that of survey. In March, 1846, he ordered them to leave California at once.

Fremont retreated to the Gavilan Peak, back of San Juan Bautista, raised the American flag and waited for the enemy. Castro did not attack. Following the advice given in a letter of Consul Larkin's, Fremont did not longer defy the Mexicans, but set out with all his men for the Oregon country.

During this time, fear of the United States was daily growing among the Mexican politicians. March 27, 1845, a meeting was held at Monterey to discuss the advisability of calling upon England for protection.

Castro and Alvarado differed with Vallejo as to the proper course to be pursued.

Don Raphael, one of the leading Montereyans of that time, put an end to the discussion in his usual witty way. "Our object is to preserve our country, but she is gone. California is lost to us and this proposal to invoke the protection of England is only to seek another owner. The redress is worthy of the market woman. A dog had robbed her hamper of a leg of mutton. She sent another more powerful dog against him to get it away.

"When asked what good that would do her, she replied that it would be some satisfaction to see the first dog deprived of the stolen leg. And so it is with us; the mutton is gone and the choice of dogs only remains. Others may prefer the bulldog; but I prefer the regular hound. He has outstripped the other in the chase and so let him have the game." The convention broke up without deciding on any definite course of action.

April 17, 1846, the U. S. sloop *Cyane,* from Mazatlan, cast anchor in Monterey Bay. She brought Commodore Sloat and Lieutenant Gillespie. The latter had secret dispatches for Fremont.*

Finding the Captain had started for Oregon, he followed. After an exciting chase, May 9, 1846, Gillespie overtook Fremont on the shore of Klamath Lake and the whole party started south.

All this time, rumors of war with Mexico kept coming with increasing frequency. In June, a party of foreigners, chiefly Americans, banded together at Sonoma, Sutter's Fort and vicinity, under the leadership of William B. Ide.

Their object, as stated by Mr. Ide in a proclamation issued at Sonoma, June 18, 1846, a few days after they had captured the town, was:

"To overthrow a government which has seized upon the missions for its individual aggrandizement; which has ruined and shamefully oppressed the laboring people of California by its enormous exactions on goods imported into the country, is the determined purpose of the brave men who have associated together under my command."

The United States government had been anxious to induce California, already in a state of

*Fremont's "Letters." Congress documents.

semi-revolt from Mexico, to come into the Union of her own free will. To accomplish this, it was necessary that nothing whatever be done to antagonize the Californians.

At Monterey, Consul Larkin, besides looking after the needs of American seamen and colonists, had become a close friend of the most influential Californians.

In the midst of his peaceful winning of the hearts of the people, came the Bear Flag revolt at Sonoma. Captain Fremont had played a part in it; Sutter, founder of New Helvetia (now Sacramento) and supposed friend of the Mexicans, had aided it with supplies.

Even Consul Larkin's consummate skill in diplomacy would not have made possible a continuance of friendly relations with the Americans and disaster would inevitably have resulted had not news of actual war with Mexico made all other outbreaks of no importance.

CONQUEST OF CALIFORNIA

In July, Commodore Sloat, then commander of the squadron of the Pacific, returned to Monterey. Memory of Commodore Jones' inglorious mistake in prematurely hoisting the American flag in 1842, made him hesitate to risk a repetition of that folly, in spite of the news brought him by Gillespie.

Moreover, though the Government had ordered Sloat to seize Monterey and San Francisco as soon as war with Mexico started, no provision had been made, as far as he knew, for securing the co-operation of Captain Fremont. With two American forces in the field, obeying no common head, Sloat foresaw serious trouble.

Nevertheless, July 6, 1846, he decided to seize Monterey. He immediately sent letters to Captain Fremont, both through Consul Larkin and J. D. Montgomery, commander of the U. S. S. *Portsmouth* at Yerba Buena (San Francisco), hoping thus to secure Fremont's assistance.

Very early on the morning of the seventh, he called his men together and issued a general order, reading, in part:

"We are now about to land on the territory of Mexico, with whom the United States is at war. It is not only our duty to take California, but to preserve it afterwards as a part of the United States. I scarcely consider it necessary for me to caution American seamen against the detestable crime of plundering and maltreating unoffending inhabitants. That no one may mis-

CUSTOM HOUSE

understand his duty, the following regulations must be strictly observed, as no violation can hope to escape the severest punishment.

* * * * * * *

"2. No gun is to be fired or other act of hostility committed without express orders from the officer commanding the party.

* * * * * * *

"4. No man is to quit the ranks or enter any house for any purpose whatever without express orders from an officer. Let every man avoid insult or offense to any unoffending inhabitant and especially avoid that eternal disgrace which would be attached to our names and our country's name by indignity offered to a single female, even be her standing however low it may.

"5. Plundering of every kind is strictly prohibited. Not only does the plundering of the smallest article from a prize forfeit all claim to prize money, but the offender must expect to be severely punished.

"6. Finally, let me entreat you, one and all, not to tarnish our hope of bright success by any act we shall be ashamed to acknowledge before God and our country."

Captain Mervine of the *Cyane* came ashore at seven o'clock to demand the immediate surrender of Monterey. He encountered no opposition, although most of the men of the town were gathered around the custom house watching the armed marines take their places in small boats and row to shore.

Captain Swasey, an eye witness, gives an amusing account of what followed: "On landing, the marines immediately surrounded the custom house and flagstaff, which had just been given a coat of white paint. As they hoisted the flag, the halyards broke. Lieutenant Higgins, who wore a beautiful new broadcloth uniform, enthusiastically sprang up the staff to fix new ones. The flag was raised amid martial music and the town occupied without firing a shot."

That night, Spaniards, Mexicans and Gringos were seated side by side as friends and equals at a huge banquet in Consul Larkin's house. Many and amusing were the mistakes of the American officers who vainly tried to make use of their very small stock of Spanish words.

One American, still prominent in Monterey business circles, asked for some "jamón" (ham),

but mispronounced it "jabón" (soap) and failed to join in the general laugh when the Indian girl brought him a cake of soap.

If Spanish words were hard, Spanish dances proved even harder, especially since their fair partners had to explain the steps by means of signs. The awkward Americans afforded endless amusement to the señoritas, even while their gay uniforms won them a place in the graceful maidens' hearts.

David Spence, a local Spanish citizen and afterwards a prominent American, wrote in his diary for July 8: "All is tranquil and the town is almost deserted, for many of the (Mexican) officials have fled to the country."

July 9, Montgomery raised the American flag at San Francisco.

On July 10, the "Bear Flag" at Sonoma was replaced by an American flag.

Within three days, the two ports of Alta California had been captured without firing a gun. Unfortunately, the conquest of all California was not so peaceful.

Sloat made daily efforts to find Fremont, but, although he heard almost every day of the Captain's activities in and around Yerba Buena, he did not succeed in establishing direct communication with him till July 19.

After the departure of Commodore Jones in 1842, Governor Micheltorena had hidden his extra guns and ammunition at San Juan Bautista.

July 12, Sloat learned that General Castro, when pursued by Fremont, had hidden two field pieces and their shot at San Juan.

July 17, Mr. Fauntleroy was sent with his command to reconnoitre as far as Mission San Juan and to recover the buried guns.

"On his arrival there," runs Commodore Sloat's report, "he found that the place had been taken possession of an hour or two before by Captain Fremont, with whom he returned to Monterey on the 19th."*

Although the Americans had feared British interference in California, no English ship appeared until July 16.

*The old Presidio at San Juan was sold to the Breen family. By the addition of a wooden second story they turned it into a hotel. As it was directly across from the Plaza, it came to be called the Plaza Hotel, under which name it still does business.

According to Sloat's official report: "On the 16th, the British Admiral, Sir George F. Seymour, arrived in the *Collingwood*. An officer was immediately sent to tender him the usual courtesies and facilities of the port. He sailed for the Sandwich Islands the 23rd."

July 25, Sloat turned over his command to Commodore Stockton, who had just come from the United States to assist Sloat.

General Castro, driven out of Alta California by Fremont, had assumed command of the Mexican forces in the south.

One of the American boats, the *Cyane,* left, July 27, for San Diego, bearing Fremont and his riflemen to wage war against Castro and his six or eight hundred waltzing warriors. Stockton had appointed Fremont to command the "Naval Battalion," but neither this fact nor the destination of the *Cyane* was made public.

Part of his garrison being thus removed, Stockton determined to set up a government that would help keep things peaceful. July 28, he appointed Walter Colton, chaplain on board the U. S. S. *Congress,* Alcalde of Monterey.

LAW AND ORDER A LA AMERICAN

"The capital of this queer country," says one of the army officers, "is a mere collection of buildings scattered as loosely as if they were so many bullocks at pasture; so that the most expert surveyor could not possibly classify them into even very crooked streets.

"The dwellings, some of which attain to the dignity of a second story, are all built of adobe, being sheltered on every side from the sun by overhanging eaves, while toward the rainy quarter of the southeast they enjoy the additional protection of boughs of trees resting like so many ladders on the roof.

"The center is occupied by a large hall to which everything else is subordinate. The hall is designed and used for dancing. It has a wood floor and springs nightly to the step of those who are often greeted in the whirl of their amusements by the rising sun."

"Externally, the habitations have a cheerless aspect in consequence of the paucity of windows. As to public buildings, this capital of a Province may with a stretch of charity be said to possess four. First is the church, part of which is going to decay, while another part is not yet finished; its only peculiarity is that it is built, or rather half-built, of stone. Next comes the castillo, con-

sisting of a small house, surrounded by a low wall, all of adobe. Third is the guard house, a paltry mud hut without windows. Fourth and last stands the custom house, which is, or promises to be, for it is not yet completed, a small range of decent offices."

On Thursday, July 30, Colton entered upon his duties as Alcalde of Monterey. They were about the same as those of the mayor of a large city without any of the helps that such a mayor has.

In the quaint old capital were emigrants from nearly every civilized nation in the world, most of them lured thither by the prospect of finding a land of perpetual spring, where labor and law were unnecessary and unknown. With such citizens to rule, the Alcalde's task was doubly hard.

Colton dwelt at length upon the high import duties he found on even the cheapest articles. "Unbleached cotton, which cost in the United States 6c per yard, cost here 50c, and shirtings, 75c," he wrote. "Plain knives and forks cost $10 the dozen; coarse rawhide shoes, $3 the pair; the cheapest tea, $3 the pound, and a pair of common truck wheels, $75. The duty alone on the coarsest hat, even if made of straw, was $3."

"The revenues derived from these enormous imposts have passed into the hands of a few individuals who have placed themselves by violence or fraud at the head of the government."

Such conditions could only exist because of the Californians' indifference to law and government. A typical instance of their carefree indifference is found in the Alcalde's diary: "Two prisoners asked permission to have their guitars. In the evening when the streets were still and the soft moonlight melted through the grates of their prison, their music streamed out upon the quiet air with wonderful sweetness and power."

As gay as their spirits was the costume of the Mexican caballeros. A broad-brimmed, pointed-crowned hat of leather, glazed to a mirror-like polish, rested on a huge, red silk handkerchief wound, turban fashion, around the head. A band under the chin held the hat in place, while a gold or silk cord and tassel, dangling over the side of the hat, hid itself in the mass of dark locks that curled around his shoulders.

A wide, white collar rolled over the blue "spencer" (vest), which fitted close like a coat of mail. Gold buttons or silk braid to match the hat tassel, ornamenting the vest, rivaled in brilliancy the red silk sash around the loins.

From the Charles B Turrill Historical Collection

From Charles B. Turrill Historical Collection

The black velvet trousers, held in place by the sash, were slit up to the knee, revealing tight-fitting buckskin leggings, elaborately carved.

Spurs with ten-inch shafts ending in rollers of six points, each at least three inches long, rattled against steel plates, keeping time to his song:

"Vamos arriba, muchachos;
Amarense bien las botas;
Vámonos á Monterey,
A comer puras bellotas."

* * * * * * *

Up and away, my jolly boys all;
Fasten your boots very tight to your feet;
Up and away to gay Monterey,
Sweetest and choicest of acorns to eat.

The stirrups on the saddle were of wood; the pommel rose high to the front and back, and a wide skirt of stamped leather, through which glistened a red silk serape folded out of the way, hung down on all sides of the saddle.

Like the Romans, they had four meals a day: breakfast at eight, dinner at twelve, tea at three, and supper, the chief meal of the day, at eight.

They picnicked by day and danced by night, save when church or sleep demanded a few precious hours.

They measured their ranchos in leagues and bounded them by rivers and mountains.

Their cattle were never really counted, but once a year the rancheros held a big rodeo (round-up), lasting a week or more, at which there was a general round-up and branding by each of such stock as seemed to be his own. All their neighbors and friends came; a beef, or sometimes two or three, were barbecued. Even the total stranger, passing along the road, was welcome to stop to rest his horse and join in the revels.

Often the hostess was the mother of twenty or more children, all living, yet she was the gayest of them all, and as pretty as her daughters. As one lady said: "My husband gives me everything

that I want. I give him myself and his children. There is an Indian girl for every baby as soon as it is born; I have only to bear and love them. Why should I not dance?"

More serious things than rodeos were claiming the attention of the Americans in the latter forties.

On August 14, 1846, a band of Indian horse thieves began their operations on a rancho near Monterey. Captain Mervine captured some Indians thought to be the chief and about twenty of his followers and brought them to Monterey for trial.

Unlike most of the Monterey Indians, the chief was over seven feet tall. "His long hair streamed in darkness down to his waist," said Colton. "His features strikingly resembled those of General Jackson. His forehead was high, his eye full of fire and his mouth betrayed great decision."

He successfully showed that the thieves did not belong to his tribe and that his own men had done no wrong. He was therefore given a military uniform, recognized as leader of his tribe and made responsible for their future acts.

CREATION OF CALIFORNIA LITERATURE

Amid the tumult of war, California's literature was born. The first edition of the first paper ever published in California appeared on Saturday, August 15, 1846. The paper was to be issued every Saturday. Colton was the editor-in-chief.

He took as partner, Semple, a man of varied experiences in almost every part of the known world. Colton described his partner as "an emigrant from Kentucky, who stands six foot eight in his stockings. He is in a buckskin dress, a foxskin cap, is true with his rifle, ready with his pen and quick at his type case."

The only press in California was "an old Ramage press, of wooden frame, wooden bed and plates of hardwood, worked by a screw and capable of making one hundred impressions an hour."

It had been brought to Monterey from Boston in 1833 by Thomas Shaw. Its original cost was $400 and it was used by the Governor and his secretary, Zamarano, to print official documents and proclamations.

"The press," Colton confided to his diary, "was old enough to be preserved as a curiosity; the mice had burrowed into the balls; there were no rules, no leads; the types were all rusty and in

pi. It was only by scouring that the letters could be made to show their faces. A sheet or two of tin were procured and these with a jackknife were cut into rules and leads.

"Luckily, we found with the press the greater part of a keg of ink, and now came the main scratch for paper. None could be found except what is used to envelope the tobacco of the cigars smoked here by the natives. A coaster had a small supply on board which we procured. It is in sheets a little larger than the ordinary foolscap and this is the size of our first paper, which we have christened the *Californian*.

"A crowd was waiting when the first sheet was thrown from the press. Never was a bank run upon harder; not, however, by people with paper to get specie, but exactly the reverse.

"One-half the paper is in English, the other in Spanish. The subscription per year is $5, the price of a single copy is 12½c, and it is considered cheap at that."

*"Our Alphabet: Our type is a Spanish font picked up here in a cloister and has no vv's in it, as there are none in Spanish. I have sent to the Sandvvich Islands for this letter; in the meantime vve must use tvvo v's. Our paper at present is that used for vvrapping segars. In due time vve vvil have something better. Our object is to establish a press in California and in this vve vvil probably succeed. The absence of my pertner for the last three months and my duties as Alcalde here have dedrived our little paper of some of those attentions vvich I hope it vvil hereafter receive."

On September 23, the first exchange, the Oregon *Spectator,* was brought over by a hunter. Colton announced it as a windfall, but the only news from the States it contained was that brought to its editor by an overland emigrant.

Semple, a bachelor, seemed deeply interested in the ladies of Monterey. In the *Californian* of August 29 he wrote: "The ladies, who are numerous, are handsome and some of them beautiful, very sprightly, industrious and amiable in their manners; affectionate to their relatives and friends; kind to their neighbors and generous even to their enemies, and we are in hopes that their mild and genial influence will go far to bring about that amity of feeling which is so desirable between the old and new citizens of this highly favored country."

THE WASHTUB MAIL

The *Californian's* only rival as purveyor of news was the Washtub Mail. Just on the outskirts

*Quoted from "Californian."

of Monterey were some springs which were the washtubs of the town. Thither went the maid servants and the housewives who could not afford servants. Each babbled of the things that she saw and heard in her own home.

Often, too, a young man would stop there to chat with his favorite. So were carried such thrilling tales of intrigues as the plots of Alvarado to imprison the foreigners who had helped to make him Governor.

But their real information came from the Indians, always on the move, who stopped at the springs and from the politicians, who told some news that they might learn more.

For the Gringos, who necessarily were not numbered among the intimate friends of the prominent Californians, the Washtub Mail was the one means of hearing any "town talk."

For a trinket, a new mantilla, or a piece of gold, these washerwomen would tell anyone the very latest news. It was almost sure to be true, too, for they wanted people to come again with more gold pieces and bright scarfs.

"It is an old mail," said Alcalde Colton, "that has long been run in California and has announced more revolutions, plots and counterplots than there are mummies in Memphis."

Only when a love story was involved did the Washtub Mail prevaricate. No one bought love stories, so there was no need for them to be true.

FIRST JURY TRIAL

When Colton had assumed the duties of Alcalde, there were no prisons except the military guard house. White people were fined, Indians whipped for all except capital offenses. He substituted labor on the public buildings for both punishments.

On Friday, September 4, 1846, he empaneled the first jury ever summoned in California. "One-third of the jury," he says, "were Mexicans, one-third Californians and the rest Americans. The plaintiff spoke in English; the defendant in French; the jury, save the Americans, in all the languages known to California."

It was a civil suit, Isaac Graham, plaintiff, charged that the defendant had shipped away wood belonging to the plaintiff. Mr. W. E. P. Hartnell, one of the jurors, acted as interpreter. The jury was out less than an hour; returned a verdict in favor of the plaintiff, and even the defendant was satisfied.

In fact, the people were so well satisfied with Colton that, on September 15th, when his military commission as Alcalde expired, they elected him to succeed himself in that office.

In the southern part of the State the American troops under Stockton and Fremont were still waging comic opera warfare against General Castro and taking city after city without firing a shot.

All who voluntarily surrendered were paroled upon their taking oath not to fight against the United States again during the existing war.

Governor Pico and General Flores had surrendered Los Angeles to Lieutenant Gillespie after only a nominal resistance. On Friday, September 18th, Stockton sent Kit Carson from Monterey to bear dispatches to Washington telling of his easy and complete conquest of California.

Eleven days after Carson left Monterey with his rosy colored dispatches, a courier, half dead from his long ride, arrived from Los Angeles with the news that Pico and Flores had broken their parole and that the insurgents were besieging that city, and that because of the small number of the American garrison there under Lieutenant Gillespie, they were not expected to hold out many days longer.

Probably no one thing did so much to gain the lasting allegiance of the thinking Californians as this dishonorable attempt of the insurgents to drive out the Gringo after having accepted parole. All the leaders and most of the participants in this rebellion were paroled prisoners.

The real attitude of the saner part of the Californians is proven by the fact that in Alta California the conquest was completed with only one real battle—that of Salinas. This was fought between the Americans under Captain Burroughs and a party of insurgents, allied with those from the south, under Manuel Castro. Although neither side won a decided victory, it broke the power of the insurgents in the north.

A CALIFORNIA CHRISTMAS

By the time Christmas eve had come, the Montereyans had so far forgotten the dangers and horrors of war as to hold their usual Christmas celebrations.

At sunset the bells rang out a merry chime; the windows were filled with streaming light; bonfires on plain and steep sent out their pyramids of flame, and the skyrockets burst high over all in showering fire.

While the bonfires still blazed high, the crowd moved toward the church, which was soon

filled. Before the altar bent the Virgin Mother in wonder and love over her new-born babe. A company of shepherds entered in flowing robes with high wands garnished with silken streamers in which floated all the colors of the rainbow and surrounded with coronals of flowers.

In their wake followed a hermit, with his long white beard, tattered missal and sin chastising lash. Near him figured a wild hunter in the skins of the forest, bearing a huge truncheon surmounted by an iron rim from which hung in jingling chime fragments of all sonorous metals.

Then came, last of all, the Evil One, with horned frontlet, disguised hoof and robe of crimson flame.

The shepherds were led on by the Angel Gabriel, in purple wings and garments of light. They approached the manger and, kneeling, hymned their wonder worship in a sweet chant that was sustained by the rich tones of exulting harps.

The hermit and hunter were not among them; they had been beguiled by the Tempter and were lingering at a game of dice. The hermit seemed to suspect that all was not right, and read his missal vehemently in the pauses of the game; but the hunter was troubled by none of these scruples, staked his soul and lost.

Emboldened by his success, the Tempter showed himself among the shepherds, but here he encountered Gabriel who knew him of old. He quailed under the eye of that invincible angel and fled his presence. The hermit and hunter, once more disenthralled, paid their penitential homage. The shepherds departed, singing their hosannas while the voices of the whole assembly rose in the choral strain.

As a token of respect, this performance was repeated next evening at the Alcalde's house.

Two weeks later Señor Colton was initiated into the annual egg-breaking festival. A young lady, utterly unmindful of his official dignity, broke a cascarone over the Alcalde's head while he was talking business to her father.

"In making cascarones," says the Alcalde recounting his experience, "the natural contents of the egg are blown out. The shell is filled with scented water or, more often, with gold tinsel and flashing paper cut into ten thousand minute particles. The tinsel is rubbed by a dash of the hand into your hair and requires no little brushing to get it out. The antagonist is always of the opposite sex. You *must* return those shots or encounter raillery which is worse."

One of the gayest of the young American officers who tried to master the intricacies of the contra danza or spent weary hours cutting bright paper into tiny bits to fill transitory cascarones was Captain W. T. Sherman, afterward the General who was our hero of the March to the Sea in the Civil War.

His letters to his fiancee, Miss Ewing, in St. Louis, are full of quaint glimpses of Monterey and life in California.

"The country is lovely in the extreme; the hills are bare, but covered with high grass and wild oats; the slope and valleys near town wooded with pine and live oak, and in the valley farther off sycamore and hemlock.

"The prospect from a ship at anchor is fine. The amphitheater in which the town is situated, the green hills back, looking as though cultivated, the groups of live oaks resembling apple trees, all deceive and make one believe he is looking upon an old and highly cultivated country. Such is not, however, the case, for there is not an orchard or vineyard in the country except those attached to the missions; no fields save little patches of beans and wheat planted by the Indians and no gardens save the miserable ones begun by foreigners.

"Game abounds, but all sorts of provisions except beef are scarce and exceeding dear. Flour at $28 a barrel, and hard to get at that; potatoes several dollars a bushel.

"Monterey is composed of houses built of adobe or sun-dried brick of one or two stories, with a narrow balcony across the whole front. About a dozen houses are comfortable and the rest mere hovels. There are some families that style themselves Dons, do nothing but walk the streets with peaked, broad-brimmed hats and cloaks, or serapes, which are brightly colored, checkered panchos, a colored shirt, silk or fancy pants slashed down the outside with fringe or buttons, shoes on their feet and a cigar in their mouth. Such characters were scarce when we first came, but Monterey is becoming repopulated, for all have come back from the war to the southward.

"The poorer classes are exactly like Indians, and most of them are descended from those Indians that were taught civilization and Christianity by the old missionaries. The women are like all the other Spanish women, the prouder the more Castilian blood they can boast of. Some are pretty; all dance and waltz well, but scorn the vulgar accomplishments of reading and writing.

They are fond of dancing, and every night of the carnival before Lent there was a fandango at some of the houses."

The Mexican "gentleman of leisure" was the chief victim of Sherman's ridicule. He wrote:

"A rancho is a farm, consisting of one, two and sometimes twelve leagues square. On each there is generally a house or hut of adobe, covered with rushes and clapboards, near it a pen called a corral, where at night the horses and cattle are herded to be safe from theft by the Indians.

"Near some of the ranchos there are small fields of corn, wheat, potatoes and beans; but there are by no means plenty, as it is difficult to hoe potatoes on horseback, and any employment on foot is degrading. The ox pulls the plough, which is nothing but a stick sharpened at the end and sometimes shod with a piece of iron.

"All they want is a good horse, a lasso, glazed hat and tassels, flashy serape, slashed pantaloons tipped with velvet and corded with bright silk ties and a pair of spurs as big as a plate. Then they are happy and sit down to their greasy platter of beans and mutton and pity the poor Yankee.

"The women are better, kinder and more industrious. They have to wash all the clothes, grind all the corn on a stone by rubbing another over it, plant their patches of onions and red peppers and do all the cooking. Some of them are quite amiable, pretty and have good minds, which if cultivated would make them above the average. As they now are, they are servants. In the towns they pretend to some luxury, have pictures hanging on the walls, looking glasses, Yankee clocks and a sofa. Carpets are very rare."

In another letter he described a Monterey funeral:

"The child of Don Castro (still in arms against us), a little girl about nine years old and very beautiful, died about three weeks ago. All the girls of the town repaired to the house, and two days were spent in decorating the person of the little girl. A miniature couch with delicate lace curtains, neatly drawn from the decorated canopy, made her bier, on which she was borne slowly through the streets to the church. A promiscuous company followed, not silently, two by two, but gaily, without order and with a band of music.

"I was on the piazza of the Government House near which it passed and saw the child lying as though sleeping on its little bed. Its bearers were women who set their burden down fre-

quently to rest or talk, and during this time the band, consisting of harps and violins and some jingling instruments, kept playing Spanish tunes.

"Guns were fired from the houses which they passed, and finding such was the custom of the country we got some pistols and fired a perfect salvo—of rejoicing that the child had gone to heaven."

Romances were woven round all the American officers, but none has traveled farther nor been more universally believed than that which links the name of General W. T. Sherman with that of Señorita Bonifacio, the belle of Monterey.

No one in the whole province had such beautiful and rare roses as she; and no surer road to her favor could be found than the present of a new slip.

Captain Sherman (as he then was), runs the legend, when he was leaving Monterey, gave her a cloth of gold rose to plant in her garden. So long as it grew, he would be faithful and when it bloomed she would be his bride. Such was his legendary promise.

The rose blooms year after year in fadeless beauty. Señorita Bonifacio is still unwed; only the gay captain who married Miss Ewing is gone.

Four years ago, General Sherman's son, a Catholic priest, went with a friend to visit Señorita Bonifacio. The friend acted as interpreter, for the lady speaks only Spanish.

"Do I look anything like the old gentleman?" (Being very like him.)

"What old gentleman does he mean?"

"Why, General Sherman, my father," answered the lad, piqued at her calm indifference.

"I do not remember what he looked like."

"Did my father help you plant the rose?"

"You had better ask the old gentleman."

"Well, why do you have a sign put on your gate, saying that here is the home of the Sherman Rose?"

"I have nothing to do with it."

"But is the story true? Did he plant a rose bush?"

"I repeat, that is a question which you will have to put to the old gentleman. I cannot tell you what he did."

His curiosity still unsatisfied, the young man had to leave. Perhaps when he meets the old gentleman in another world he may ask the question then and hear its true answer.

All Americans were not so fortunate in their wooings as Captain Sherman. One of the officers who was deeply enamored of a certain Spanish maiden went night after night with his guitar (which he had learned to play at college) and, seated on the rain barrel beneath her window, sang passionate songs of love.

Being an American, he did not know that when she failed to put a light in her window or drop some note to him she was refusing his love more plainly than words could have done.

At last, weary of being disturbed by his unwelcome music, the lady attached a string to the cover of the rain barrel and held the other end at her window.

In the midst of his saddest song, she pulled the rope. The music was literally "drowned," nor were her slumbers again disturbed by the Americano.

Life in Monterey in Captain Sherman's time was not all a round of gaieties. Early in February, 1847, the war in Baja California came to an end, and the specter of war that had been threatening Alta California vanished before the actual force of the American fleet.

Meanwhile far more serious problems than the mere armed conquest of California confronted her new rulers. Colton was working night and day to suppress gambling and vice. By March he had the foundation of a new school house laid.

"The building," he says, "is to be thirty by sixty feet, two stories, suitably proportioned, with a handsome portico. The labor of the convicts, the tax on liquors and the banks of the gamblers must put it up."

Two months later the first monte (gambling bank) ever run in California was opened in a little shack called the Astor House. It would rank now as a sixth class boarding house.

After a great deal of scheming, Colton gathered fifty of the gamblers into the hotel parlor without in the least arousing their suspicions. He addressed them: "I have only a few words to say. Gentlemen, you are each fined $20."

A moment's astonished silence. Then: "You ain't found no cards nor nothin'. Guess a man's got as much right to sleep under his bed as in it if he wants to."

"That is a matter of taste. You are each fined $20."

The Alcalde of San Francisco was the first to "come through." "Come, my good fellows," he said. "Pay up and no grumbling; this money goes to build a school house where, I hope, our children will be taught better principles than they gather from the examples of their fathers."

So, to help the school, the fines were paid without a murmur.

While Colton was getting his school built, the guards and garrison were removed from Monterey. Just how much that meant may be gathered from the diary of Lieutenant Wise, U. S. A. He came in the midst of the rainy season and with his companions tramped miserably through the muddy streets of Monterey. He wrote:

"The ladies received us with surly 'adios,' extorted from closed teeth and scowling faces. There were a goodly number of sentinels on the alert, prowling about with heavy knives in their girdles and the locks of their rifles carefully sheltered from the rain. At night it became a matter of bodily danger for an indifferent person to come suddenly in view of one of these vigilant gentlemen, for, with but a tolerable ear for music, he might detect the sharp click of a rifle and the hoarse caution of: "Look out thar, stranger!" when, if the individual addressed did not speedily shout his name and calling, he stood the merest chance of having another eyelet hole bored through his skull."

Far different from this was the usual Monterey reception, as described by Colton or any of the other prominent Americans. "You are not expected to wait for a particular invitation, but to come without the slightest ceremony; make yourself entirely at home and stay as long as you please. You create no flutter in the family; awaken no apologies, and are greeted every morning with the same smile. Generous, forbearing people of Monterey, there is more true hospitality in one throb of your hearts' than circulates for years through the courts and capitols of kings."

In May, Semple went to Yerba Buena and took with him the printing press of the *Californian*. He kept on issuing the paper until 1850. A rival sheet, the *California Star*, made its initial appearance in 1849. The population was not large enough to support two papers, so, in 1850, they combined under the title *Alta Californian*.

The old Monterey press after the establishment of the *Alta* was brought to Sacramento, and on it the first newspaper in the Sacramento Valley, called the *Placer Times*, was printed at Sutter's Fort. Soon the paper grew beyond the press capacity, and it was taken to Stockton and used in the publication of the first journal in that city. It was then taken to Sonora and for several

years used for printing the first newspaper there. It finally went to Columbia and was burned by an incendiary because of trouble with the editors of the Columbia paper.

By summer of 1847 Colton's duties were lighter. People were becoming accustomed to law and were less prone to disregard it. Then, too, he no longer had to write for the *Californian*.

In October he went on a bear hunt with a party of California gentlemen. Just before sunset they pitched camp in the mountains about fifteen miles back of Monterey. The chosen place was an open glade in the midst of a thicket of pines.

A bullock was killed and quartered and the quarters dragged around the copse to give the bear a scent. The meat was then hung up on a tree in the midst of the glade.

"After a camp supper and a good cigar, the hunters laid down to sleep. By the light of the moon the servant saw a dim, brown form approaching. Hastily he awakened the men. Instantly they jumped up and sprang into their saddles.

"A cordon was formed around the copse, but before the last horse had taken his place, the bear made a burst for life into the surrounding thicket.

"A dozen riatas hissed about his head as the horsemen gave chase. Finally one riata settled around his neck and sank deep into the soft fur as the horse stopped suddenly.

"Mad with rage, the bear turned on his opponent, but the horse, with no word from his rider, kept the rope taut by his prancing.

"A sharp hiss, a growl, and the riata had slipped from its loggerhead and bruin was making one more dash for liberty. The horse, without spur or rein, dashed after him. His rider throwing himself over his side and, hanging there like a lampereel to a flying sturgeon, recovered his lasso and bruin was brought up again all standing, more furious and frantic than before, while the horse pranced and curveted around him like a savage in a death dance over his doomed victim."

Next day a wild bull was lassoed and set against the bear, which was very carefully untied from the tree to which it had been lashed all night. So furious was the ensuing fight that the hunters had to shoot both animals.

Certain lawless young Mexicans saw in Colton's temporary absence an opportunity for all sorts of tricks. They took special delight in annoying the Spanish Sisters who were endeavoring to keep up the Convent School in Monterey.

FIRST FRAME HOUSE

SIMONEAU AND TEVENER
IN FRONT OF OLD MEXICAN JAIL

One day a big Scotch-Irishman who had drunk too freely laid down on the sidewalk in front of the convent to sleep it off. When consciousness was just returning, he saw four Mexicans trying to get into the lower windows. His strength increased by drink, the ex-army sergeant rose to his feet and thrashed the four. He was received by the Sisters "as became ladies rewarding their protector," given a strong cup of coffee, and sent away sober with their blessing.

In spite of many such disturbances, Monterey prospered under Gringo rule. The Alcalde's accounts show that from December, 1846, to June, 1848, there were twelve dry goods stores each paying a license fee of $1 per month.

The sale of building lots was phenomenal. Prices ranged from $10 to $400 each. Only a few were cash sales. "No poor man," runs a note in the Alcalde's account book for January, 1848, "has been denied a lot of land who was willing to work for it—many have paid for their land in this way. The town is credited as if paid in cash, and their bills for work are charged to the town as if discharged in cash—this is done to prevent complexity."

INTRODUCTION OF BRICK AND LUMBER

March 31, 1848, a brick kiln lot, 90 yards long, was sold to George D. Dickerson for $29. Assisted by his son-in-law, Mr. Lawry, he immediately began preparation of brick for a mansion. Only one wing was ever completed, for the builders hastened away to the gold fields, leaving the first brick house in California unfinished.

While Mr. Lawry was baking brick, two Australian ships came into Monterey harbor. There was no good dock, so the Captain ordered one of the boats to be beached and sunk for a wharf. Before night a great pile of Australian ironwood lay on the sand.

Within a week six tiny houses of sawn lumber—the first in California—were ready for occupancy. Their owner, Mr. Botelson, had brought with him his wife and invalid daughter, hoping that the climate of Monterey would restore her health.

In planning the trip with his wife, he had warned her that there were no houses in this wild land. Undaunted, she had devised a scheme of having a house made in sections by his skilled Australian workmen. Each section was to be numbered and fit, so that even an English sailor could put it together.

Seeing in her suggestion a good business proposition, Mr. Botchson had six made instead of one. Four he sold; two he put up side by side for their own use.*

Their journey had taken nine months, and out of the sheep and cattle they had brought with them for food only one cow remained, about the first milk cow in Monterey.

A few months after they came to Monterey, Mr. Botchson died. Suddenly confronted with the necessity of earning her own living, his widow took advantage of the scarcity of good boarding houses in Monterey and converted the ironwood cottage into one.

CUSTOM HOUSE ROBBERY

Two of her boarders were rather mysterious. One evening, hearing a queer noise in their room, she slipped softly downstairs to watch them.

They were taking gold from sacks very like the Custom House sacks and putting it in a box. The box when filled was hid beneath the steps, one of which was loose.

Then, under pretext of card playing, they made a fire in the yard and burned the sacks.

Next morning she was gathering chips and, on the sly, looking for bits of sacks. The men grew suspicious that she had seen something and tried to bribe her to silence. They failed.

That day, a young friend, fiancee of one of the Customs officers, called. Mrs. Botchson told the story of the sacks. The girl confirmed her fears—the Custom House had been robbed of $30,000. Together they went to the girl's lover and told their story.

A band of soldiers raided the house. They found a woman companion of the Mexicans sitting on the steps. "Get up," they ordered. "I'll sit still," she replied. The officers dragged her away, found the gold and began a search for the thieves. They were caught but not convicted until years later when they confessed, as one of their biggest "hauls," the Custom House robbery of 1848.

CARMELO

Life in Carmel in the '40s had less tinsel and glitter than that at the Capitol, but was no less exciting.

Lieutenant Wise, growing weary of the social barriers of Monterey, wandered across the hills to Carmel where the walls of caste were broken down like the old adobes of the mission.

"A quaint, old church," he writes, "falling to decay, with crumbling tower and belfry, broken

*The two, known as the "First Lumber House in Cal.," are still used by Mr. Botchson's great-grandchildren; one forms part of a meat market on Alvarado Street, and the others are used only as sheds.

roofs and long lines of mud-built dwellings, all in ruins, is what remains of Mission San Carlos. It still presents a picturesque appearance, standing on a little rise above a broad, fertile plain of many acres, adjacent to the banks of the river and at the base a large orchard of fruits and flowers."

He found a gay Mexican señora and her daughter in possession of the Queen of the Missions. Though less pious, they proved no less hospitable than the padres. Señora Margarita prepared an ollala of tomatoes, bread and some of the small game he had killed during the day. Her daughter patted a batch of tortillas into shape. A jug of aguadiente (sour wine) was set on the table, and in less than an hour the weary lieutenant had feasted and was ready to retire.

"The hospitable old lady tumbled me into her own couch which stood in an angle of the hall," he afterward wrote. "At midnight I awoke and found my own individual person deluged with a swarm of babies. A gay youth with a dripping link, nicely balanced against my boots, was sitting on my legs with a clear space before him, intently playing monte, to the great detriment of the purses of his audience.

"On glancing around, I beheld the lofty apartment lighted by long tallow candles melted against the walls, whose somber smoke clung in dense clouds around the beams. The floor was nearly filled, at the lower end, with groups of swarthy Indians, sipping aguadiente and playing monte. On either side were double rows of men and women, moving in the most bewildering mazes of the contra-danza, keeping time to the most inspiriting music of harps and guitars; whilst ever and anon some delighted youth would elevate his voice in a shout of ecstacy at the success of some bright-eyed señorita in the dance: 'Ay, mi alma! Tona la bolsa! Caramba!' 'Go it, my beauty! Take my purse! Beautiful!'

"It took me but an instant to appreciate all this. And then, being fully roused to my wrongs, I gave one vigorous spring, which sent monte man, candle and all flying against the wall. Bounding to my feet, I made a dash at the patrona, drank all the licores on the tray, and, seizing her around the waist, away we spun through the fandango."

So passed "the Splendid Idle Forties."

GOLD!!

Monday, May 29, 1848, a traveler told Monterey of the discovery of gold on the American River.

"The men wondered and talked and the women, too," says Colton, "but neither believed. The sibyls were less skeptical; they said that the moon had, for several nights, appeared not more than a cable's length from the earth; that a white raven had been seen playing with an infant, and that an owl had rung the church bell."

A week later the Alcalde sent a messenger to the American Fork to find out if the gold stories were true.

Two weeks of excited speculation. Then: "The messenger dismounted in a sea of upturned faces.

"As he drew forth the yellow lumps from his pockets and passed them around among the crowd, the doubts which had lingered till now fled. All admitted they were gold except one old man, who still persisted they were some Yankee invention got up to reconcile the people to the change of flag.

"The excitement produced was intense and many were soon busy with their hasty preparations for departure to the mines. The blacksmith dropped his hammer, the carpenter his plane, the mason his trowel, the farmer his sickle, the baker his loaf, and the tapster his bottle. All were off for the mines, some on horses, some on carts, some on crutches, and one went in a litter. An American woman who had recently established a boarding house pulled up stakes before her lodgers could pay their bills."

Within a month every servant in Monterey had gone to the mines. "General Mason, Lieutenant Lamman and myself form a mess. We have a house and all the table furniture and culinary apparatus requisite, but our servants have run," complains Colton. "A general of the United States army, the commander of a man-of-war and the Alcalde of Monterey in a smoking kitchen, grinding coffee, toasting herring and peeling onions. Those gold mines will upset all the domestic arrangements of society."

Prices of provisions at the mines were fabulous. The cost of 100 pounds of flour at Stockton

was $20—at the mines it was $200. The vast disparity was due to the difficulties of transportation. The average wage of a day laborer, however, even at Monterey, was $12 and $13.

August, 1848, news came of the treaty with Mexico. It ushered in a winter season of unparalleled gaities that reached their climax in the ball at Consul Larkin's house. That was the day before Lent.

One of the caballeros, as described by an American, presented a picture not easily forgotten: "He wore a jacket of green satin with Mexican pesetas for buttons, his waistcoat was of lemon colored brocade with gold buttons, the breeches of red velvet, the boots, fashioned out of buckskin, bound below the knees with green silk ribbons and embellished further with tassels from which hung little figures of cats and dogs made of glass beads. His mantle was of sky-blue cloth with red lining, galooned with silver and fringed. He wore his hair in three long braids."

Casearone throwing was at the height of its glory that night. "There were two shot in that company, in the shape of goose eggs well filled with cologne, to which an unusual interest attached. One of them had been brought by General Mason, the other by Doña Jimeno.

"Neither turned an eye but for a moment from the other, but in that moment the Doña dashed to the side of the General and would have crashed her egg on his head had not the blow been adroitly parried. The assailed now became the assailant.

"Doña Jimeno changed her tactics, stood on the defensive and parried. In one of these dextrous foils she dashed her egg on the head of her opponent, who in the same instant brought his down plump on hers."

Then the church bell tolled twelve and "Lent came in with her ashes to bury the dead."

February 23, 1849, Rev. S. H. Willey, the first Protestant clergyman in California, landed in Monterey. "The following Sunday," he says, "I went on shore at 11 o'clock to hold public worship for the first time in Monterey and in California. Service was held in the schoolroom of the stone edifice (Colton Hall) used for public purposes.

"Although, on account of the unpropitious state of the weather, our meeting was not numerously attended, I have not yet presided under more interesting circumstances. The text was First Corinthians 1:23-4.

"The town seemed quiet in the morning and no business going on except that the shops were open, but not apparently, with the expectation of entertaining customers.

"Those who have been on shore later in the day, however, represent that gambling is going on in the usual places at a rate scarcely ever seen before."

Just before daybreak on Tuesday, February 25, 1849, the first steamship on the Pacific puffed into Monterey Bay.

"Some Indians living on the coast saw her by the light of her fires. Not knowing what to do, or what it could be, they ran in great alarm to the interior where Major Hill, their especial friend, was. They reported that there was a ship off the coast on fire, and, what was more, she did not burn up; but the strangest of all was that she was making rapid headway right against the wind and not a sail set."

The steamer turned all eyes to the future. Alcalde Colton's note in his diary on March 5th reads like a prophet's utterance:

"Now all eyes are turned to San Francisco, with her mud bottoms, her sand hills and her chill winds, which cut the stranger like hail driven through the summer solstice. Avarice may erect its shanty there, but contentment and a love of the wild and beautiful will construct its tabernacle among the flowers, the waving shades and fragrant airs of Monterey. And even they who drive the spaded drill in the mines, when their yellow pile shall fill the measure of their purpose, will come here to sprinkle these hills with the mansions and cottages of ease and refinement."

Looking toward the soul's future, Rev. Willey, the young Presbyterian minister strove to organize a church among the few who were left in Monterey. "Everything," he said, "is slow here except the pursuit of money."

At last, in May, services were held in the large room of a private house.

They continued holding meetings at irregular intervals until in 1851, when Rev. Willey was called to a larger congregation in the sand hills of San Francisco.

STRUGGLE FOR STATEHOOD

The Congress of 1849 adjourned without taking any action on California's appeal for admission to the Union. There was a balance of power between slave and free states in the United States Senate and the admission of California would inevitably disturb that balance.

COLTON HALL

Several attempts were made by the Californians to organize a State government of their own. Finally, late in the summer, General Riley, Military Governor of the Territory, issued a proclamation calling for the election of delegates to a Convention to draw up a Constitution of California.

Following his suggestion, elections of delegates to a Constitutional Convention were held in all parts of the Territory. The chosen representatives met in Colton Hall, September 3, 1849. Eight were Californians (*i. e.*, natives of the Territory), the rest Gringos.

"When they had effected a temporary organization," writes Rev. Willey, "impressed with the serious nature of the task they were about to undertake, they asked me to open the session with prayer, which I did.

"I do not know that any of these young men were professedly religious, but on the second day, when they had effected a permanent organization, they sent a committee to Padre Ramirez and myself, the resident clergymen of Monterey, asking us to open the convention with prayer each day, which we did during the session."

Walter Semple, formerly assistant editor of the *Californian,* was elected President. September 4th the invocation was followed by the newly elected President's address, setting forth the objects of the Convention:

"Fellow citizens of the House of Delegates of California: We are now, fellow citizens, occupying a position to which all eyes are turned. The eyes not only of our sister and parent states are upon us, but the eyes of all Europe are now on California. You are called upon by your fellow citizens to exert all your influence and power to secure to them all the blessings that a good government can bestow on a free people. It is important, then, that in your proceedings you should use all possible care, discretion and judgment; and especially that a spirit of compromise should prevail in all your deliberations.

"It is to be hoped that every feeling of harmony will be cherished to the utmost in this Convention. By this course, fellow citizens, I am satisfied that we can prove to the world that California has not been settled by unintelligent and unlettered men. * * *

"Let us then go onward and upward, and let our motto be: 'Justice, Industry and Economy'."

The Convention was confronted at the outset by a very serious difficulty. Eight of the delegates were Californians and neither spoke nor understood English.

W. E. P. Hartnell, the pioneer Monterey business man, was elected interpreter. The native delegates were seated around a table with Hartnell at the head and General Vallejo, foremost friend of the Americans, at his right.

"General Vallejo's bodily presence and bearing were most distinguished. He wore no moustache upon a finely cut upper lip, but the cheeks were fringed with side whiskers, black and curly as his hair. His forehead was broad and high, the chin rounded and dimpled, the eyes less keen than Alvarado's, but crowned with arching brows. He was, in fine, the typical hidalgo of high degree, a trifle pompous for so young a man, but a charming talker, full of anecdote and well informed upon many subjects."

Many amusing debates enlivened the Convention sessions:

"A section being before the Convention declaring that every citizen arrested for a criminal offense should be tried by a jury of his peers, a member, unfamiliar with such technical terms, moved to strike out the word 'peers.' 'I don't like that word "peers",' said he; 'it ain't republican. I'd like to know what we want with peers in this country; we're not a monarchy and we've got no House of Parliament. I vote for no such law.'"

After two weeks' deliberation, when the end of their labor seemed yet far distant, the question of pay was discussed. Finally the per diem allowance of the officers of the Convention was fixed at the following rate: "Secretary, $28; Assistant Secretary, $23; Engrossing Clerk, $23; Sergeant at Arms, $22; Copying Clerk, $18; Interpreter, $28; Interpreter's Clerk, $21; Chaplain, $16; Doorkeeper, $12, and Page, $4. High as these prices are, they were reasonable for their time."

In all serious discussions, the delegates fell into three groups. First, there were the eight Californians, trying hard to comprehend proceedings that were entirely foreign, and they felt more or less hostile to them. Second, the Northerners, a decided majority of the American contingent, determined to keep the State free from slavery. Third, an equally determined and even more eloquent Southern minority, bent on saving at least part of California for slavery.

Since gold mining was then the principal occupation in California, even the Southern delegates were willing to prohibit slavery for the time being.

The resolution of Mr. McCarver, an Oregonian, making California a free State, passed unanimously, September 19.

The Southern minority felt sure that Congress would never admit so large a State and that, when the division came, they could easily introduce slavery into the southern half and thus regain the Senatorial balance.

California was not divided; the equality of Senatorial power was destroyed, and compromise in slave questions was no longer possible. Thus had the new Territory, neglected by Congress because of slavery, by passing the McCarver motion, made a war over slavery almost inevitable.

September 21, the Convention voted $1,000 to print 100 copies in English and 250 in Spanish of a stenographic report of the proceedings. Some members, on account of the hasty and ill-prepared debate, did not want any public report made lest it bring discredit upon the Convention.

The Constitution provided for public grammar schools. A motion to found a State college and thus do away with the necessity of sending boys to Hawaii or the Atlantic States, was lost. The idea, however, materialized a few years later as the College of California.

After six weeks of hard work, on Saturday, October 13, 1849, the Constitution was completed and $500 paid to Mr. Hamilton for enrolling it on parchment.

Before its adjournment, the Convention had yielded to the blandishments of San Jose politicians and voted to move the capital from Monterey to San Jose.

While the Constitutional Convention was in session and Monterey was in the zenith of her glory, Mr. Tresconi, an Italian, bought the old adobe home of Juan Montenegro, added another wing to it and opened there the Washington Hotel.*

He paid his stone masons $20 a day and charged his guests $10 a day, up. The hotel parlors were the scene of the gayest and most fashionable balls, to attend which, the young men and even the fair señoritas often came fifty miles on horseback or in slow ox-carts.

AMERICAN AYUNTAMIENTOS

In Colton Hall, January 2, 1850, at 1 p. m., the Ayuntamiento held its first regular meeting since the American conquest. P. A. Roach had been elected Alcalde and presided at the meeting. Committees on Roads and Bridges, Laws and Ordinances and Ways and Means were appointed.

The following Monday afternoon, the Committee on Ways and Means submitted a list of license

*The old Washington Hotel was torn down in the Fall of 1913 to make room for modern buildings. It had not been used as a hotel in many years.

rates for all sorts of businesses and for dogs. The Ayuntamiento agreed that "all dogs not licensed were to be killed at public expense."

The next week, the Ayuntamiento was besieged by pleas for a city hospital. Lack of funds made them deaf.

Some queer ordinances were passed at that meeting:

"Section 1. Five dollars' fine for each cow, etc., killed in town in an open place.

"Sec. 2. Five dollars' fine for throwing offal on the streets.

"Sec. 3. Wells, pits, etc., must he protected by a fence or they will be filled up at the owner's expense.

"Sec. 4. All persons shall, on dark nights, expose a lantern (containing a light) in some conspicuous place on their houses or dwellings or be liable to a fine of 50c for the first omission, one dollar for the second, and for any other omissions they shall be liable to such penalties as the Alcalde may, in his discretion, deem fit."

The Ayuntamiento held regular weekly meetings and occasionally a special meeting. The regular sessions were chiefly spent in granting town, wood and garden lots. Once they had to make out a new deed because the original one had been eaten up by rats.

On February 7, a committee of five was sent to "offer to the Legislature of California the use of their public buildings for a period of five years from the passage of this ordinance, for its future meetings, free of charge." Colton Hall was too small and the offer was rejected.

Two weeks later, they received a letter from Governor Burnett, saying that government lands could not be granted by the Ayuntamiento.

To make sure that that body would not exceed its authority in other matters, on March 23, Governor Burnett sent a letter to David Spence, clearly defining its powers:

"The Ayuntamiento, under the sub-prefects and through them to the prefects and Governor, shall have charge of the police, health, comfort, ornament, order and security of their respective jurisdictions."

In April, the Ayuntamiento changed its name to Common Council and offered the use of Colton Hall to the county officers. The offer was accepted, thus making Monterey the county seat of Monterey County.

Money was constantly being appropriated to repair the public buildings, improve the streets, etc. In June, the question of delinquent taxes became serious.

Nevertheless, $300 was appropriated for the first Fourth of July celebration ever held in California. An elaborate program was prepared.

In the fall, a company of disbanded soldiers came to Monterey. To pass away the time, they gave a couple of theatrical performances in an old saloon belonging to John A. Swan. These were purely private affairs, but so great was their success that the soldiers agreed to give a public performance. "They induced Jack to fix seats, stage and scenery in the old adobe. The bills were got out in due form, posters printed with a blacking pot and programmes written announcing 'Putnam' or 'The Lion's Son of '76' as the first piece to be played."

It was only an experiment. Never before in California had a play been given for which admission was charged. The "box-office" receipts were enormous.

AMERICAN MONTEREY

September 9, 1850, Congress admitted California to the Union and Monterey became really an American county seat.

AMBITIOUS AYUNTAMIENTOS

What an uncommon Common Council the men of 1850 hoped to be! They planned that Monterey should have a public market house, a city physician, fine, clean streets, improved drainage system, a new jail, a big, new wharf and the incorporation of the city.

In reality, they improved the streets and succeeded in having the Legislature pass a bill to incorporate the city of Monterey. It was signed in April, 1851. The city was to be governed by a Mayor, nine Aldermen, an Assessor and a Marshal. The city limits, until all the land could be surveyed, were fixed at a radius of one mile from the church.

The city was specifically given authority to "tax, license and regulate the selling of liquor and to suppress houses of ill fame."

The theater had furnished a new source of revenue in the shape of a license, but delinquent taxes continued to be a source of annoyance.

Knowing the Council was short of money, some Catholics tried to buy Colton Hall for use as

a young ladies' seminary. The people of the city sent in a petition against selling it and the plan fell through.

In spite of the pressing need of funds, a bill was passed reducing the taxes of widows and orphans to one-half the usual rate.

No other bills of interest were passed, though the Council continued to hold regular meetings through 1851-2-3.

May 11, 1853, Monterey's charter was amended and the control of the town vested in three trustees.

The President of the Board was D. R. Ashley, attorney for David P. Jacks, a Scotchman, famous as one of the most skilful acquirers of land in California. Mr. Ashley was also attorney for the city of Monterey and had successfully defended the city's claim to its pueblo lands before the U. S. Land Commission.

His bill of $750 was due January 22, 1856, but owing to the city's failure to collect taxes, was not paid till 1859.

As early as December, 1851, the Common Council had attempted to raise money on the pueblo or town lands. In 1853, a small portion of them was ordered sold at auction, but no record of the sale or of any money derived therefrom is to be found in their minutes.

January 24, 1859, the Trustees found that, at ten per cent interest, Attorney Ashley's bill would be $991.50 by February 9. They accordingly ordered that the pueblo lands, or as much thereof as was necessary to pay the bill, should be sold by the sheriff at public auction on February 9, between 9 A. M. and 5 P. M.

All the pueblo lands were sold to Attorney Ashley and David Jacks, the only bidders, for $1,002.50. Mr. Ashley's bill was paid out of that sum. When other expenses incident to the sale were paid, there was four dollars with which to pay other bills.*

A MECCA OF ARTISTS

Meanwhile, oblivious of auctions and land suits, poets and artists were coming to Monterey. In 1849, Bayard Taylor journeyed thither.

"I took my meals," he says, "at the Fonda de la Union, just across the street. It was an old,

*From Town Council Minute Book.

smoky place, not uncomfortably clean, with a billiard room and two small rooms adjoining where the owner, a sallow Mexican, with his Indian cook and muchacho entertained his customers.

"The place was frequented by a number of the members and clerks of the Convention, by all rambling Americans or Californians who happened to be in Monterey and occasionally a seaman or two from the ships in the harbor.

"The charges were usually one dollar a meal, for which we were furnished with an olla of boiled beef, cucumbers and corn, an asado of beef and red peppers, a guisado of beef and potatoes and two or three cups of execrable coffee. At the time of my arrival, it was the only restaurant in the place and reaped such a harvest of pesos that others were not long in starting up.

"Flocks of ravens croak from the tiled roofs and cluster on the long adobe walls; magpies chatter in the clumps of gnarled oak on the hills and, as you pass through the forest, hares start up from their coverts under the bearded pines. The quantity of blackbirds about the place is astonishing. In the mornings, they wheel in squadrons about every house top and fill the air with their twitter.

"There is no continuous roar of the plunging waves as on the Atlantic seaboard; the slow, regular swells, quiet pulsations of the great Pacific's heart, roll inward in unbroken lines and fall with single grand crashes with intervals of dead silence between. They may be heard through the day, if one listens, like the solemn undertone to all the shallow noises of the town; but at midnight, when all else is still, those successive shocks fall upon the ear with a sensation of inexpressible solemnity.

"All the air, from the pine forests to the sea, is filled with a light tremor and the intermitting beats of sound are strong enough to jar a delicate ear. Their constant repetition at last produces a feeling something like terror. A spirit worn and weakened by some scathing sorrow could scarcely bear the reverberations."

"Last Sunday I went to church. Near the door hung opposite pictures of heaven and hell, the former a sort of pyramid inhabited by straight, white figures, with an aspect of solemn distress, the latter enclosed in the extended jaws of a dragon swarming with devils, who tormented their victims with spears and pitchforks.

"The church music was furnished by a diminutive parlor organ and consisted of a choice list

of polkas, waltzes and fandango airs. Padre Ramirez preached an excellent sermon, recommending his Catholic flock to follow the example of the Protestants, who, he said, were more truly pious than they and did much more for the welfare of their church.

"I noticed that, during the sermon, several of the Californians disappeared through a small door at the end of the gallery. Following them, out of curiosity, I found them all seated on the belfry and along the coping of the front, composedly smoking their cigars."

RUINS OF SAN CARLOS

What of that other church, five miles away in Carmelo Valley? Bartlett visited it while Bayard Taylor was in Monterey and left a vivid picture of the erstwhile queen of missions.

"The mission establishment, which consists of a church and the usual accompaniment of a large enclosure with ranges of small buildings, stands upon a little elevation between the hills and the sea, from which it is distant only a few hundred yards. The church, built of stone, has two towers and six bells; its walls are very thick, with an arched roof, and supported by heavy buttresses. The towers, as usual, differ. The adobe buildings near were all in a state of ruin and tenantless; not a human being was to be seen, while the rank grass and weeds which monopolized the ground showed that even curiosity did not often tempt visitors to its deserted precincts. The cornice of one corner had fallen and weeds has already taken root among its opening crevices. The remains of an orchard and vineyard are still near, in a decaying state."

Small wonder that the old church had few visitors. Gambling dens and houses of ill fame, driven by law from Monterey, found hiding places amid the windings of the road to Carmel.

Here Mexicans and Indians and Gringos gathered to gamble and revel—and murder, till folk said Satan haunted that highway and were loath to travel it by night.

They tell a story of one young man who set out, late at night, to drive a nail in the wall of Mission San Carlos. He reached the church safely and drove the nail into the wall. When he turned to hasten back to his friends, something held him back. "Madre de Dios, 'tis Satan."

Next morning they found his dead body standing beside the church. One corner of his serape was fastened to the wall by the very nail he had driven and that had kept him from falling.

"And truly," said the mothers, warning their sons, " 'twas Satan that did it, for the poor man died without confessing, and who but Satan can have his soul now?"

INTERIOR OF RUINED MISSION SAN CARLOS

Even by day, one heard sounds of babies crying and hens with hoofs appeared, followed by broods of chicks with horns or tail.

But sometimes honest men had to pass that way and each one left a rude cross on a tree by the road, till El Camino Real became a veritable Avenue of Crosses.

Yet, "God was mindful of His own," though Satan walked boldly up and down the King's Highway. Two brothers who found amusement in shooting the images off the altars of the mission, stricken by His wrath, went raving mad in the midst of their unholy target practice and, turning their guns on each other, died unconfessed.

Once in a while, a few Indians would creep down from the hills to hold a sort of mass in the sacristy of the mission. On San Carlos Day they always came. No one disturbed them; only a few cared enough to even know they came.

SLEEPY HOLLOW OF THE PACIFIC

Indeed, during the first ten years of the town's existence, the Montereyans seem to have been indifferent to everything, even their own wellbeing.

In 1860, the Trustees passed an ordinance making all people allowing hogs to run in the streets liable to a fifty-dollar fine. The law was sorely needed but poorly enforced. The Board met only once a year.

January 23, 1865, the Trustees began their fight to prove that the sale of the pueblo lands to David Jacks and D. R. Ashley had been illegal. In 1866, Mr. Jacks had a bill passed in the Legislature legalizing the sale. Then the matter was dropped.

In 1869, at the solicitation of Mr. Jacks and a few others, the Legislature granted to the city of Monterey perpetual title to her entire water front, exempt from all judgments against the city, to be controlled by the Trustees.

They immediately leased a large portion of it to Mr. Jacks for one dollar per year, on condition that he build a new wharf.

That same year, an attempt was made to reincorporate. It failed. For nine years there were no meetings of the Board of Trustees and no recorded elections. Monterey was civically dead, yet life there was by no means dull.

Every Sunday afternoon there were bear and bull fights at the Pacific Hotel on Alvarado

Street. Every night there was a fandango at some house. Almost every day some one was giving a picnic. Hunting parties afforded amusement to some and gambling to others; while an occasional murder added spice to the whole.

There was no longer need for the gamblers to hide on El Camino Real; they plied their trade freely and openly in Monterey.

Sometimes a man was arrested for a murder committed in a drunken quarrel and, especially if he were a half-breed Indian and the victim a Gringo, he was hanged with little ceremony to the portico of Colton Hall.

The public school met in the old quartel in those days. Once it happened that a man was to be hanged at recess. All the children scampered over to Colton Hall to see the fun. Not till the criminal was safely dangling did the principal call them back to their studies, though the recess period was long past.

At this epoch, the majority of the Montereyans were Mexicans. They hated the church because it attempted to prevent at least a part of their licentiousness. They hated the priests because they were Spaniards. One evening, they burnt the priest in effigy. Knowing this was a prelude to some trouble, he fled on horseback.

Young Vallejo led a band of caballeros to the rectory. Finding their prey had escaped, they spurred their horses in pursuit and even fired several shots. Only the darkness, which spoiled their aim, saved the priest's life.

So sleepy had the old capital become, that when an election was held, November 6, 1872, for the purpose of changing the county seat, she offered no opposition. It was moved to Salinas, where it still remains.

In 1873, Monterey again tried to reincorporate. She failed and no recorded Trustees' meeting was held until 1877.

In April, 1874, David Jacks and a few other Monterey business men commenced a narrow-gauge railroad from Monterey to Salinas. It was completed in October. Only one train a day was run, yet it seemed to rouse the sleeping city from her dreams.

October 16, 1877, the Board of Trustees met and reopened the pueblo lands case. They agreed with Robert S. Forbes that if he would prosecute a suit against Mr. Jacks and bear all the expense, he should have one-half of all lands recovered.

In November, 1891, a patent was issued by the United States to the city of Monterey, fixing the boundaries of the lands.

David Jacks appealed the case to the Superior Court and won. The city appealed it to the Supreme Court. Mr. Jacks won. That was the end.

Mexican land grants had been made with a vagueness which rendered them valueless. Such indefinite boundaries as oak trees and wells sufficed before the days of surveyors. But of what use were they when the oak tree had been cut down and the well filled up? So the shrewd Scotchman kept many, many acres besides the original pueblo lands because no one could prove title to them.

ARTISTS AGAIN

In 1879, Robert Louis Stevenson came to California that he might earn money enough to marry Fanny Osborne. Fate seemed to be against the young man when Jules Simoneau, the restaurateur famous as the friend of struggling artists, found him by the roadside half unconscious from hunger. Mr. Simoneau took him home, nursed him back to life and fed him more than once when his purse was as empty as his stomach.

Stevenson never forgot his friend and has made his (Simoneau's) name immortal by his praises.

In spite of these bitter experiences, Stevenson's letters to his friend, W. Henly, are full of the love of Monterey. "If you could only be suddenly dropped at the station," he writes, "you would then comfortably enter Walter's wagon (the sun has just gone down, the moon beginning to throw shadows, you hear the surf rolling and smell the sea, the pines). That shall deposit you at Sanchez' saloon, where we take a drink. You are introduced to Bronson, the local editor ('I have no brain music, you see,' he says, 'I'm a mechanic,' but he is a nice fellow).

"Meanwhile I go to the P. O. for my mail; thence we walk up Alvarado Street together, you now floundering in the sand, now merrily stumping on the wooden sidewalks. I call at Hadsell's for my paper; at length, behold us installed in Simoneau's little whitewashed back room, round a dirty tablecloth, with Francois, the barber, perhaps an Italian fisherman, perhaps Augustin Dutra and Simoneau himself. Simoneau, Francois and myself are the three sure cards, the others mere waifs.

"Then home to my great, airy rooms with five windows opening on a balcony; I sleep on the

floor in my camp blankets; you instal yourself abed. In the morning, coffee with the little doctor and his little wife. We hire a wagon and make a day of it."

Sixteen years later, looking back on those days, Stevenson wrote:

"The ancient capital of California faces across the bay, while the Pacific Ocean, though hidden by low hills and forest, bombards her left flank and rear with never-dying surf. In front of the town, the long line of sea beach trends north and northwest and then westward to enclose the bay. The waves which lap so quietly about the jetties of Monterey grow louder and larger in the distance; you can see the breakers leaping high and white by day; at night, the outline of the shore is traced in transparent silver by the moonlight and the flying foam; and from all around, even in quiet weather, the low, distant, thrilling roar of the Pacific Ocean hangs over the adjacent country like smoke over a battle.

"These long beaches are enticing to an idle man. It would be hard to find a walk more solitary and at the same time more exciting to the mind. Crowds of ducks and sea gulls hover over the sea. Sandpipers trot in and out by troops after the retiring waves, trilling together in a chorus of infinitesimal song. Strange sea tangles, new to the European eye, the bones of whales and sometimes a whole whale's carcass, white with carrion gulls and poisoning the air, lie scattered here and there along the sands.

"The waves come in slowly, vast and green, and curve their translucent necks and burst with a surprising uproar, that runs, waxing and waning, up and down the long keyboard of the coast. The foam of these great ruins mounts in an instant to the ridge of the sand glacis, swiftly fleets back again and is met and buried by the next breaker. On no other coast that I know, shall you enjoy in calm, sunny weather such a spectacle of ocean's greatness, such beauty of changing color or such degrees of thunder in the sound.

"The town, when I was there, was a place of two or three streets, economically paved with sea sand and two or three lanes which were water courses in the rainy season and were, at all times, rent up by fissures four or five feet deep. There were no street lights. Short sections of wooden sidewalk only added to the dangers of the night, for they were often high above the level of the roadway, and no one could tell where they would be likely to begin or end. The houses were, for the most part, built of adobe, many of them old for so new a century, some of very elegant proportions, with low, spacious, shapely rooms, and walls so thick that the heat of summer never dried

ALVARADO STREET—IN STODDARD'S TIME

them to the heart. At the approach of the rainy season, a deathlike chill and a graveyard smell began to hang about the lower floors.

"There was no activity except in and around the saloons, where people sat almost all day long playing cards. The smallest excursion was made on horseback. You would scarcely ever see the main street without two or three horses tied to posts, and making a fine figure with their Mexican housings. In Monterey you saw true vaquero riding, men always at the hand gallop up hill and down dale, and around the sharpest corner, urging their horses with cries and gesticulations and the cruel rotary spurs; checking them dead with a touch or wheeling them right about face within a square yard.

"From the hilltop above Monterey, the scene is often noble, though it is always sad. The upper air is still bright with sunlight; a glow still rests upon the Gabilans peak; but the fogs are in possession of the lower levels; they crawl in scarfs along the sand hills; they float, a little higher, in clouds of gigantic size and of a weird configuration; to the south where they have struck the seaward shoulder of the mountains of Santa Lucia, they double back and spire up skyward like smoke. Where their shadow touches, color dies out of the world. The air grows chill and deadly as they advance.

"Inshore a tract of sand hills borders on the beach. Here and there a lagoon, more or less brackish, attracts the birds and hunters. A rough, spotty undergrowth partially hides the sand. The crouching, hardy live-oaks flourish singly or in thickets, the kind of wood for murderers to crawl among, and here and there the skirts of the forest extend downward from the hills with a floor of turf and long aisles of pine trees hung with Spaniard's Beard.

"These pitch pines of Monterey are, with the single exception of the Monterey cypresses, the most fantastic of forest trees. No words can give an idea of the contortion of their growth; they might figure without change in a circle of the nether hell as Dante pictured it.

"The one common note of all this country is the haunting presence of the ocean."

It was about this time that the mysterious Gentleman Bandit was puzzling the whole country. A refined, likable Englishman mixed in the best society of Monterey. The only things that ever interfered with his social engagements were frequent visits to his ranch up in the hills back of Monterey.

Jim McMahon, the County Treasurer, collected $50,000 in Watsonville one day and set out for Salinas that night.

He was waylaid and captured by a band of robbers whose tactics had become famous. They never committed murder and robbed only messengers carrying large sums of money.

McMahon was lead before the leader in a forest retreat on the Englishman's ranch. "Why, hello, Tom!" said he to the Englishman, by whom he was confronted.

"Hello, Jim! Sit down and have a smoke." Before the campfire, the two smoked and chatted of politics. Jim thought he was going to get off easy. Midnight came. Tom spoke: "Sorry, Jim, I always like to accommodate friends, but this is a matter of business. If I do not keep faith with my men here, they will not keep faith with me. You must give us that $50,000."

"I did not bring it with me." Search proved the truth of his assertion.

"Where is it?"

"I gave it to a friend who was leaving for Monterey tonight. He has it with him."

"Well, d—— him, I'll have his frock coat, anyway," snarled one of the vaqueros. He got it.

A few days later, while off on a big spree, he wore the coat to Santa Cruz. He was arrested and, under pressure, fully confessed the workings of the gang. As a result, they were all captured and convicted.

AN ABANDONED MISSION

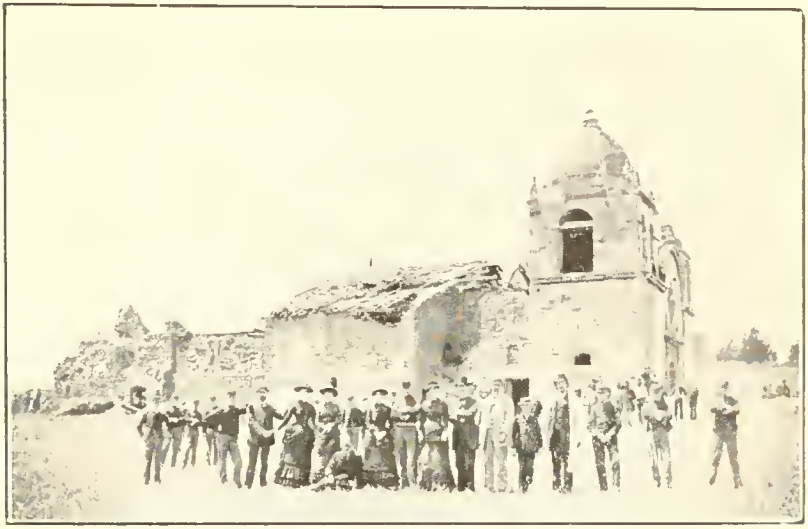
During the seventies, there was not even an occasional bandit to enliven the desolation of Carmelo. Most of the land was owned by people who had their homes elsewhere.

The few who lived there farmed a little, raised cattle and had their annual rodeo, much in the old Mexican way, though many of the rancheros were Gringos.

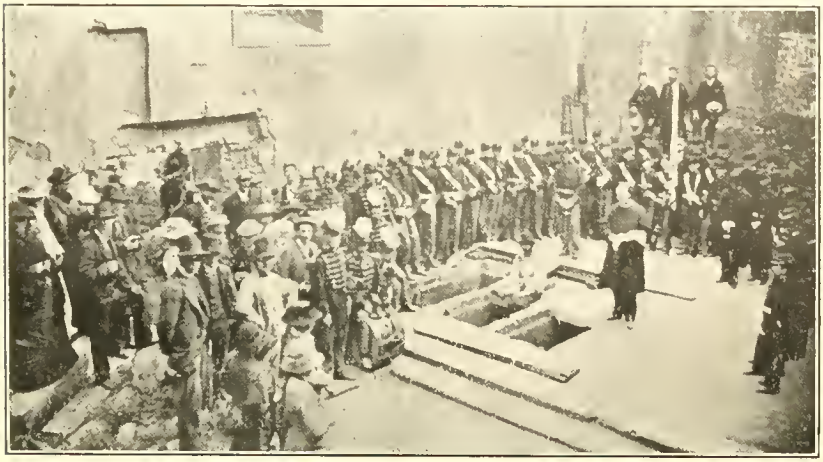
It was a peaceful, simple sort of life. About the hardest task they had was to drive in ox carts to Watsonville for a load of beans. They considered beans a necessity, but found it easier to drive to Watsonville for them than to raise a crop in Carmel Valley.

In an angle of the coast, a Chinese fishing hamlet, like a bit of the Orient picked up and brought thither on a magic carpet, found shelter from the winds.

Along El Rio Carmelo the last remnants of Carmel's hundreds of neophytes still built their tule huts, worked during the week for the rancheros and drank the Gringo's fire-water on Sunday;



PROMINENT PEOPLE AT OPENING OF SERRA'S GRAVE



SERRA'S GRAVE

or made a still more wretched existence by selling the products of their tiny, half-cultivated garden plots.

Once a year they came and celebrated the Feast of San Carlos in the sacristy of the old mission, the only part of it that was not full of weeds.

With the help of the Portuguese custodian of the mission, Mr. Christiano Machado, they put a new roof over the sacristy and kept it in partial repair.

Sometimes, too, when they were sick, they stole secretly into the chapel and held a sort of rosary over a certain spot back of the altar rail. They said the Padres had taught them to do this, for beneath that spot lay the body of Padre Junipero Serra.

The growth of other mission towns throughout the State aroused Father Cassanova, a Swiss priest, who had come to Monterey in 1868, to a realization of the possibilities of Carmel. He ordered Mr. Machado to clean up the mission.

EXHUMING THE BODY OF PADRE SERRA

So much sand had drifted into the chapel that the custodian and his daughter had to drag it out on sleds; they had no wheelbarrows. The third day, Mr. Machado came upon the stones marking the graves of the four Padres buried in San Carlos.

Father Cassanova set July 3, 1882, as the day on which the graves should be opened with all appropriate ceremony. At the appointed time, in addition to the prominent men who were there by special invitation, quite a crowd came, eager to see if Padre Serra was really buried there.

While Father Cassanova read the records describing the burial place of the Padres, Mr. Machado opened the graves. Each body was identified; some of the garments of each Padre were taken to be preserved as holy relics. The tombs were then closed and sealed and a marble slab placed over each mound. A tablet was hung on the wall, stating the fact of the burial.

Father Cassanova and a few others set to work to raise money for a new roof. In 1887, the present steep, shingle roof was put on. It spoiled the graceful lines of the church, but saved it from crumbling entirely away.

In preparing for the government a report on the "Condition of the Mission Indians," Helen Hunt Jackson visited Carmel and became deeply interested in the Carmel Indians.

She wrote:

"The most picturesque of the mission Indians' hiding places was that on the Carmel River, a few miles from the San Carlos Mission. Except by help of a guide, it cannot be found. A faint trail turning off from the road in the river bottom leads down to the river's edge. You follow it into the river and across. A few rods up from the river bank, a stealthy, narrow footpath appeared through willow copses, sunk in meadow grasses, across shingly bits of alder-walled beach it creeps till it comes out in a lovely spot, half basin, half rocky knoll, where, tucked away in nooks and hollows, are the Indian houses, eight or ten, some of adobe, some of tule reeds."

In 1885, Charles Warren Stoddard came to Monterey by boat and laughed over the experience long afterwards:

"Almost before we had got our reckoning, we drifted up under a dark pier, on which ghostly figures seemed to be floating to and fro, bidding us all hail. We threaded one or two wide, weedy, silent streets; not a soul was visible, though it was but nine in the evening, which was not to be wondered at, since the town is divided against itself; the one-half slept, the other still sat upon the pier, making a night of it.

"I saw her in her decay, the once flourishing capital. The old convent was windowless and its halls half filled with hay; the barracks and the calaboose, inglorious ruins; the block house and the fort, mere shadows of their former selves. As for Colton Hall, it is a modern looking structure that scarcely harmonizes with the picturesque adobes that surround it.

"She was a dear, old, stupid town in my day. She boasted but a half dozen thinly populated streets. One might pass through these streets almost any day, at almost any hour of the day, footing it all the way from the dismantled fort on the seaside to the ancient cemetery, grown to seed, at the other extremity of the settlement, and not meet a half score of people.

"Geese fed in the gutters and hissed as I passed by; cows grazing by the wayside eyed me in grave surprise; overhead, the snow-white gulls wheeled and cried peevishly; and on the heights that shelter the ex-capital, the pine trees moaned and moaned and after caught the sea-fog among their thin branches when the little town was basking in the sunshine and dreaming its endless dream."

Long afterwards he wrote: "The town has fallen into the hands of Crœsus and lost its identity. It is hopelessly modernized.

"Cypress Point was solemn enough of yore. The giant trees were hung with funeral mosses;

they had huge elbows and shoulders and long, thin arms, with skeleton fingers at the end of them, that bore knots that looked like heads and faces such as Doré portrayed them in his fantastic illustrations. They were like giants transformed; they are still, no doubt, for the tide of fashion is not likely to prevail against them.

"They stand upon the verge of the sea where they have stood for ages defying the elements. The shadows that gather under their locked branches are like caverns and dungeons and lairs. The fox steals stealthily away as you grope among the roots that writhe out of the earth and strike into it again, like pythons in a rage. The coyote sits in the edge of the dusk and cries with a half-human cry. And here are corpse-like trees that have been naked for ages; every angle of their lean, gray boughs seems to imply something. Who will interpret these hieroglyphics?

"Blood-red sunsets flood this haunted wood; there is a sound as of a deep-drawn sigh passing through it at intervals. The moonlight fills it with mystery; and along its rocky front, where the sea flowers blossom and the sea-grass waves its glossy locks, the soul of the poet and of the artist meet and mingle between shadowless sea and cloudless sky, in the unsearchable mystery of that cypress solitude."

"When I think on that beach at Monterey, the silent streets, the walled, unweeded gardens, a wistful Saturday afternoon feeling comes over me. I see the wheeling gulls, the gray sand, the brown, bleak meadows, the empty streets, the shops, tenantless sometimes for the tenant is at dinner or at dominoes, the other shops that are tenantless forever and the keys are rusted away."

So had Monterey's awakening been only for a moment, not long enough for her to raise up from the Sleepy Hollow of memory.

The poet made Monterey his home from the time of his first visit till his death, only going away when business necessitated it. He had been reared a Presbyterian, but, at the age of twelve, became a Catholic. April 26, 1909, his funeral was held at San Carlos chapel, Monterey, and High Mass said for his soul.

MODERNIZING MONTEREY

Six years after the poet first came to Monterey, Mrs. Leland Stanford became interested in the life and works of Padre Junipero Serra. She had a beautiful granite statue of the Father erected near the spot where he first said mass.

The monument was scarcely in place when the corrupt City Board of School Trustees began

plans to tear down Colton Hall and use the stone and site for a new school house. The wall around it and the jail had been demolished before Monterey woke up to save its historic building.

Just in the nick of time, a few patriotic citizens, prominent among them Mr. Harry A. Greene, Mr. Sargent, Sr., and Colonel Lambert, called a mass meeting, annulled the board's action and raised money enough for another school site.

The city could not afford to repair the hall. Joseph Knowland, present Congressman, had a bill passed in the Legislature providing that the building be leased by the State and be by it kept in repair. It is now rented by the city and used as a city hall.

The old custom house, begun in 1814, was restored and kept in repair by a similar provision of the Legislature.

The purchase of the narrow-gauge railroad by the Southern Pacific and consequent improvement in the service had been gradually arousing Monterey to a sense of her possible future as a port of the Santa Clara, San Joaquin and Pajaro Valleys.

In 1892, active work was begun by Mr. H. A. Greene and a few others to secure a railroad from Monterey to Fresno. They determined to make this road independent of the Southern Pacific.

The Monterey and Fresno Railroad, after all its staring headlines and the hard work of a few earnest men to get right of way and such things, has paid its debts but nothing more.

Several other attempts have since been made to get a cross-country railroad. Lack of funds has frustrated them all.

About 1897, Mr. Juan Malarin installed a street car line, connecting Monterey with Pacific Grove. It was built for horse-cars and gave quite efficient service.

In 1903, it was changed to an electric road, the tracks extended to Del Monte and a cross-town line put in, going direct to the Presidio.

At Carmel, no bustle of progress disturbed the ceaseless song of the sea. A Western Brynhild, wrapped in a magic slumber, she waited the coming of an immortal hero to waken her. Not Sigurd, but the Soul of Art, has broken her enchanted sleep.*

In Monterey all attempts at municipal awakening were frustrated by the unprogressive Mexican vote. The Spanish-American War enabled Americans, for the first time in the history of Monterey, to effectually overcome the Mexican vote.

*Carmel lands were opened to the public, in November, 1902, when the Carmel Development Co. was organized.

At that time, the Mexicans and Spaniards of California, and especially the Spanish priests, had a very strong feeling against the United States. The Americans in Monterey, realizing that a hostile boat could easily destroy the town, organized a marine corps and drilled under an ex-navy officer, Lieutenant Lasher. They petitioned the government for a boat on which to drill. The request was granted, but the boat arrived too late for use and sunk before it reached San Francisco, whither it was later sent by the government.

The Mexicans began to hold secret meetings and plot a general massacre of all American citizens.

Father Mestres, the successor of Father Cassanova, was a Spanish priest but an American citizen. He had been doing all he could to remove the Mexican sentiment by preaching, but had failed.

Mr. H. A. Greene and others decided to put up an American flag on the harbor. They went into the woods, cut a tall, straight pine for a flagpole and arranged to have elaborate ceremonies over its erection and the raising of the Stars and Stripes.

Father Mestres was the orator of the day. He spoke earnestly, urging upon the people their duty to the flag and their oath as American citizens and reminding them of the misrule of California by Spain and Mexico. Finally, in spite of hisses and threats from the Mexicans, he repeated the whole oration in Spanish.

Plots to murder him followed thick and fast, but his quiet courage cowed the conspirators.

He bought small American flags and nailed one to each pew in the chapel. The people objected, but dared not disobey the Father, who bade them leave the flags where he had put them.

To reach the hearts of the young folks, Rev. Mestres organized a special ceremonial, "Blessing the Flag." After High Mass, fifteen girls, dressed in white with red and blue ribbons, brought in a huge American flag and placed it before the altar, where it was blessed with all ceremony.

Just as they were about to end the festival by raising it on the pole at the convent across the street, a telegram came: "Manila has fallen. The Spanish fleet is sunk in Santiago Bay."

Amid storms of cheers, the flag was raised to its place. Enthusiasm ran wild. The Spanish spirit was crushed in Monterey, never to rise.

After the war, the Mayor appealed to the United States to establish a military reservation at Monterey. The request was granted.

In 1896, Monterey began a series of brilliant public celebrations by her Semi-Centennial of the American occupation.

Business firms came there, foreign visitors were entertained by her citizens, till now she is known far and wide, a city of today.

If, some time, you long to see the Monterey of older days, walk down Alvarado Street towards the custom house in the early evening. There the dark-eyed señoritas still wander, the bright flowers in their hair half hid by silken lace mantillas.

"There is one, a perfect little beauty, who wears her hair in an elaborate style with beautiful curls at one side; a dress with Dutch neck and a lace scarf, a dainty dress that is short enough to show her slim ankles and tiny slippers. She is pretty and knows it, but is so innocent that she never guesses that you just have to stop and look at her again. She still lives in the Old Monterey."

Alvarado Street ends at the custom house, now used as headquarters for the Native Sons' and Native Daughters' associations (social organizations of native-born Californians). As you pause on its veranda and look at the myriad tiny boats on the bay, it is easy to picture some olive-skinned smuggler stealing silently past the wharves to a sheltered nook where he may hide his plunder till he can safely take it away to sell.

When you turn back along Alvarado Street, the illusion vanishes. On the right, the old Pacific Hotel stands. No sounds of mirth or music issue from it; its walls are warped and weather-worn and most of its windows are dirty and barren. Yet once it was one of the liveliest hotels on the Coast. Only an artist's studio and the Salvation Army are there now.

"Heavens, what was that shriek?" Nothing but the 7:50 train from San Francisco rushing and screaming along just below the custom house.

Puzzled by these contrasts, you wander on down Alvarado Street, past the Chamber of Commerce and a whole row of brightly illuminated stores. The noise of an electric street car going to Del Monte half drowns the music of a blind man who sits, day after day, playing his accordion in front of an adobe cigar store. You cross a car track, pass the Hotel Monterey, the First National Bank and another block of stores, then come to the home of Señorita Bonifacio.

It sits in a yard that is a mass of flowers. Over the gateway the arch of the famous Sherman Rose still blooms in unfading beauty. For years the señorita has lived there alone. Seldom does

anything break the regular program of her daily life. She keeps her rooms just as carefully and prepares her solitary meals just as daintily as would a bride of a month. "There isn't a speck of dust anywhere, not even on her kitchen water-tank."

In vain her friends urge her not to live so completely alone; she fears nothing. Every week she goes to evening mass and returns alone to the silent, unlighted house. She, too, is still in the Old Monterey.

Leaving the hotel next morning, you pass by more stores and the postoffice, then turn to the left as the car does and come upon the "First Lumber House in California."

Tommy Allan, the one-armed constable of Monterey, opens the door almost before you have knocked. His coat is off; from his right hip pocket a revolver gleams threateningly; from his left, a pair of handcuffs jangles sinisterly. He has just returned from an unsuccessful hunt for a criminal.

Criminals and weapons are forgotten while, with characteristic Scotch-Irish hospitality, this son of Mrs. Botelson tells the story of his home.

His daughter, Mrs. Dana, a fair-cheeked, dark-eyed woman, who seems to be more than half Spanish, pauses in her breadmaking to give a dish of pudding to the baby or add an occasional word to her father's narrative.

Finally their tale is finished. Only the soft pitter-patter of mice running races around the kitchen and the faint laughter of children, blown in through the open door, break the silence. The cheery constable is thinking of other days.

A block from Mr. Allan's home stands a large, green house with unusually well-kept grounds. It is the Munras home, built in 1824, covered with wood now, so as to be more like its neighbors. It is the home of Thomas Field, president of the Bank of Monterey.

Inside, there are quaint old Spanish dresses and mantillas, the famous spoons made from spangles, a beautifully carved Spanish saddle, and an old chair cut out and put together by the Indians from the mission. It was used by Mrs. Field's great-grandfather in his surgeon's office in 1804.

Called by the deep-voiced bell, you wander over to the erstwhile Royal Chapel, now a mere parish church. Up the whalebone walk and across the whalebone Star of Hope, through the dim

vestibule you pass into the chapel itself. The holy pictures between the stained-glass windows are those used by Padre Serra. His, too, are the silver candlesticks. A wooden crucifix and Christ near the entrance were carved for him by the Indians.

The relics of Junipero Serra are kept in a little room beyond the sacristy. Thither you go to marvel at the exquisite embroidery on the time-worn vestments, especially one. A Governor's wife wore it before the Queen. Finding no use for so handsome a gown in the pioneer town, she transformed it into a cope.

Why do they not have a better place to keep things? Ask the Bishop. A few years ago, the Junipero Society was formed. It planned to erect a beautiful marble shrine, fitted with glass cases for the relics, on the spot where Padre Serra said mass. Use of the land was offered gratis by the Town Council. Being part of the waterfront, it could neither be sold nor given away. The Bishop refused to dedicate the chapel on ground not belonging to the church, and the plan fell through.

Back of the church is the last remnant of the Vizcayno oak tree. It had died from neglect and graders were about to cover up the stump when Mr. Greene rescued it. Then he and Father Mestres had it put here for safekeeping. From the branches, a chair was made and given to the Native Sons.

Here and there you pass ruins of old adobes with their quaint tile roofs half fallen and the grass growing from the walls.

A few blocks south of the church are two houses in perfect repair. One is the first Court of Records, formerly used as General Halleck's headquarters. It was called House of the Little Man of the Four Winds by the Mexicans because there was a weather vane on it, in the form of a horseman, the first in California. The corner adobe was Consul Larkin's home.

Time has made little change in these houses. Behind them is the typical Spanish court-garden with its walks, shaded arbors and stone stove for broiling all sorts of meat, and back of these, the low adobe dwellings that once housed Indian servants. Even the tile-topped adobe fence is still untouched.

You wander on, past the advertisement-plastered shack that was once the first theater in California, where, the gossips say, Jenny Lind sang: only, of course, you do not believe them. You pause awhile before the erstwhile homes of Stoddard and Stevenson and come at last to modern looking Colton Hall.

CAPTAIN BRALEY
—One of Sloat's officers—
BY THE VIZCAINO OAK STUMP

OLD ADOBE HOUSE

Next day you take the car for Pacific Grove and go by the Associated Oil Company's reservoirs. Their pipe lines tap the Coalinga oil fields.

Beyond them is the glaring sign of a fish cannery, perched on the edge of the Bay, whose calm waters are dotted with tiny fishing boats.

A few blocks more and you pass a picturesque Moorish house, standing far back from the street. In its grounds a babbling brook, stone-bordered paths and rustic benches are shaded by every kind of tree that can be grown in Monterey.

It is the home of the Monterey Tree Growing Club, parent of all such clubs in America. Their purpose is to distribute trees, seeds and information about them gratis to all public grounds and schools.

The oldest thing in Monterey is the Mexican Custom House; the newest thing is the Breakwater.

"The great obstacles to shipping in Monterey Bay are the ground swells and undertow. The ground swells sometimes sweep into the Bay, causing surging to a degree dangerous to the larger vessels, while smaller vessels are seldom disturbed."

Moreover, products from a large interior territory can be shipped through Monterey at a saving of twenty-five per cent on present facilities. The entire waterfront is owned by the municipality and cannot be sold or permanently leased.

She has been trying since 1850 to get a breakwater. In 1911, Congress appropriated money for one. Surveys have been made and in a few years the breakwater will be a reality.

Then, on the smoke of big steamers, the last shreds of the "mantle of old traditions" will be borne away.

PACIFIC GROVE

Monterey is well protected. On one side is Pacific Grove, the town of churches.

It was founded June 15, 1875, by David Jacks and a delegation of Methodists. It was intended to serve as a combined health resort and camp meeting grounds.

In 1883, the Pacific Improvement Company purchased Pacific Grove from Mr. Jacks.

They immediately commenced improving it. A new water system was installed, a new hotel built and a real "town" started.

Today it has good grammar schools, a high school, churches of nearly every denomination, up-to-date stores and no saloons.

Dozens of tiny cottages nestle among the sand hills and trees. In winter they are quiet, but during the summer season a more lively picture could scarce be found than these same cottages, full to overflowing with summer campers, religious and otherwise.

DEL MONTE

On the other side of Monterey stands famous Hotel Del Monte, one of the most modern and elegantly appointed hotels on the Pacific Coast, yet its history goes back to the Mexican days.

It was once part of Rancho Lagunita that, like so many others, fell into the hands of David Jacks. In 1880, this property, together with the Rancho Pescadero, was sold to the Pacific Improvement Company for five dollars an acre.

A hotel was put up at once, on the same architectural plans as the present building, but not, of course, as large. It was burned to the ground on the night of May 31, 1887.

In October of the same year, the new hotel was ready for use. The old rancho of 126 acres is now a private park. Where cattle once ran wild, flowers and trees from all countries now make Del Monte Park one of the scenic wonders of California.

After breakfast, on the first day of your stay at Del Monte, you join an automobile party to see the world-famous "Seventeen Mile Drive."

In the auto is a lawyer, fresh from a land title case. While you are waiting for luncheon to be served at quaint, beautiful Pebble Beach Lodge, he tells the odd history of the picturesque drive.

"On the seventh day of January, 1836, Fabian Berreto petitioned Governor Gutierrez for a grant of land called Pescadero, from Point Lobos to Point Cypress, a little less than a league. The grant was confirmed by the Assembly in 1840.

"Berreto died the next year, leaving his widow, Maria, in possession of the rancho. After four years she remarried. With her husband she lived on the rancho till 1846. In order to get a town house, she sold the whole 4,398 acres for $500, or a little less than twelve cents an acre.

"Six years later, J. C. Gore paid $4,000 for the same estate. Gore did not live on the Pescadero Ranch.

"In 1860, Maria gave another deed to the same property to Mr. McDougall, a Scotchman, and

agent for Mr. Jacks. The property was, of course, immediately transferred to Mr. Jacks. He promptly took possession, paid the taxes and fenced the rancho.

"Tired of life in California, eager to escape from the litigation caused by the double deed, Gore gave his attorney in New Jersey power to exchange the Rancho for property valued at $33,000.

"Oratory in the land suit that had begun over the rancho became rather fiery. July 9, 1860, Gore wrote to his attorney, giving a description of the trial:

" 'One of the witnesses, a Scotchman, was kept on the stand for six days. On the last day but one, the cross-examination by my attorney became so severe that both the witness and Ashley threatened him with violence. I told them squarely that if there was to be any fighting, I meant to have a hand in it and my hand would be a bloody one. If I could have had any excuse, I would have dropped Ashley in his tracks.'

"When Gore died in 1887, he willed the rancho and its troubles to his son.

"David Jacks retained possession and paid the taxes until 1880. Then he sold it to the Pacific Improvement Company for five dollars an acre.

"Litigation over the famous Rancho Pescadero came to an end when the last descendant of John Gore and complainant in the last case against David Jacks was killed in the big earthquake of 1906."

By that time, lunch is served and the story ended. It is, however, only the beginning of your pleasures in the "Eden of the Pacific," especially if you come in the hunting season and stay long enough to journey out to the fascinating hills and hear some of the quaintly piquant tales and legends of the old Spanish and Mexican inhabitants.

Still living half in a dreamland, you leave Del Monte's drives and hedges, its tame squirrels and exotic flowers, to visit Carmel, the "Florence of America."

A CITY OF THE SOUL

In days of old, the Padre, intent on his mission work, went once a month to say mass in the Royal Chapel at Monterey.

Of Carmel's thousand neophytes, only one remains. A bent old man comes once a year, on San Carlos Day, to worship in the mission.

Some went back to their savage kinsmen and so passed beyond the ken of the pale face. Many married into Mexican families. Most of them went home to the Great Spirit.

In their stead, a new heathen nation dwells around the old mission; but the church gives no heed. The yellow man does not claim her attention as the red man did. Now, once a month, the Padre leaves his church in Monterey and comes to say mass at San Carlos del Carmelo.

By the church, occupying the land of the mission orchard, where some of the pear trees planted by Padre Serra still bear fruit, is an old, humble dwelling formerly occupied by Christiano Machado. For years, the old man regaled tourists with stories of the mission. In 1911, an assistant priest spent a few months there.

He very harshly rebuked Mr. Machado for telling such fanciful tales. Hurt and angry, the old custodian went away, leaving the eldest of his ten children in charge. Sometimes, his little grandson, a lad of about eight, tends the church. His grandfather's love of the mission has been inherited by the little boy and a note of reverence creeps into the childish voice whenever he repeats the story of the Padres who lie buried there.

Only the foundation of the original adobe wall forming the quadrangle of the mission is now left. The few adobes standing are relics of the priests' dwellings; these, being neglected, are gradually washing away.

Fifty-one Sundays out of the year, the worshipers are few. But on the fifty-second Sunday, the one immediately following November 4, the faithful, artists, tourists, and just "common folk," all flock to the mission. It is San Carlos Day.

For a week before the festival, loving hands have been busy putting shining green pine boughs over the scarred walls, back of the altar, around the pictures of the saints and in the provokingly up-to-date stained-glass windows.

Christiano Machado's are the fingers that bank the pines and tufted grasses, hide the neglected pillars with masses of red and pink geraniums against a background of dark pines and conceal the poorly painted altar rail by a screen of chrysanthemums, marigold, pansies and pine branches. His are the hands that place the myriad candles all ready to light and make San Carlos' own altar a bower of radiant beauty.

High mass is celebrated at half past ten in the morning. Long before the auto speeds from

Monterey bringing Father Mestres to the mission, the Mexicans and, if the day be fine, one old Indian, come on foot, on horseback and in wagons of all kinds. Their stiffly starched, bright-colored dresses make the old mission wake from its dusty slumber and live the old days over again.

Often, in the midst of their quick chatter about the events of the past year, for many of them see each other only once a year, they pause to repeat the legends of Padre Serra.

"But each year," they say, "the Padre rises
From his grave the mass to say,
In the midnight, 'mid the ruins,
On the eve of Carlos' day.

"Then the sad ranks, long years buried,
From their lowly graves arise;
And, as if doom's trump had sounded,
Each assumes his mortal guise.

"With their gaudy, painted banners,
And their torches burning bright,
In a long procession come they
Through the darkness of the night;
Singing hymns and swinging censors;

Dead folks' ghosts, they onward pass.
In the church now all are gathered,
And not long have they to wait;
From his grave the Padre rises,
Midnight mass to celebrate.

First he blesses all assembled,
Soldiers, Indians, neophytes;

Then he bows before the altars
And begins the mystic rites.

"When the Padre says the Sanctus,
And the Host is raised on high,
Then the bells up in the belfry,
Swung by angels, make reply;
And the drums roll and the soldiers
In the air a volley fire;
While the Salutaris rises
Grandly from the phantom choir.

"'Ite, missa est' is spoken
At the dawning of the day—
And Junipero, the Padre,
Lying down, resumes his sleep.

"And the lights upon the altars
And the torches cease to burn;
And the vestment and the banners
Into dust and ashes turn;

"And the ghostly congregation
Cross themselves and one by one
Into thin air swiftly vanish
And the midnight mass is done."

—R. E. White.

Honk! Honk! Chug! It is the auto bringing Father Mestres. A crowd of worshipers follow him into the church, while the bell, swung by mortal hands, summons those who are farther

away. Even the loud voice and empty laugh of the curious are hushed as they enter the bower of flowers that only a week ago was a dusty, uninviting ruin.

High Mass is celebrated as of old; but the Indian choir is gone and a second auto brings trained choristers from Monterey.

In simple, straightforward language, first in Spanish and later in English, Father Mestres tells the story of the founding of Mission San Carlos Borromeo del Carmelo de Monterey and the lesson of the need for chaste women and honorable men which was taught by San Carlos four hundred years ago. In a few words, he thanks the old man whose loving care has made possible the day's celebration.

Then all the people form a long procession. In the center is carried the statue of San Carlos, and, while the choir sings the Hymn to San Carlos, they march slowly around the church.

HYMN TO SAN CARLOS

1.

We come to thee, O happy saint,
To claim thy care and love;
To beg thy guidance through this life
To endless bliss above.

CHORUS:

Oh, pray for us, San Carlos,
For dangers hover near;
Oh, pray that God may give us strength
To conquer every fear.

2.

While in the rosy dawn of youth,
To God thy heart was given.
And true through life thy spotless soul
'Mid suffering soared to heaven.

CHORUS.

3.

Thy purity has won for thee
A crown of fadeless light.
Oh, may its radiance shine on us
And cheer the gloom of night.

CHORUS.

4.

Oh, pray for us, O happy saint,
While on the sea of life
We struggle with the winds and waves,
Oh, aid us in the strife.

CHORUS.

5.

And when we've triumphed over sin
And death's dread hour is nigh,
Oh, pray that God may angels send
To bear our souls on high.

CHORUS.

Upon re-entering the church, all true followers of San Carlos kneel on the altar steps, and, kissing the relic of the saint, receive his blessing. At two in the afternoon, the service of the Rosary is celebrated.

That pretty ceremony over, the autos whisk choir and Father back to their duties in Monterey. The Mexicans give up the rest of the day to singing, drinking, dancing and playing; the faithful go home to pray; the tourist goes back to the real world of today with a sigh for the dream world of yesteryear.

For another year the mission slumbers in solitude and the soul of art walks undisturbed among the pine groves of Carmelo. Tule huts of the Indians no longer find shelter from wind and rain beneath the pines. In their stead, picturesque bungalows of masters of pen, of brush, of chisel and of song nestle quietly there.

"So many years ago," the Padres came to Carmel to create the center of a new empire of the soul and daring soldiers came to Monterey to build there the center of a new empire of riches and renown. Once upon a time their dreams seemed on the point of becoming realities, then they fell asleep again.

Now, from the slumber of decades, rises the living reality of their half-forgotten dreams. Lured by the loveliness of wave-washed shore and tree-veiled hills, by the lucid, mysterious depths of roaring water, to Carmel have come those who are building another, an artists' empire of the soul.

As a secret shrine to the artist soul that was killed almost before it was born, a tall, shrewd, forceful Yankee lawyer is "attempting to let any man or woman who is producing sentiment in any way, work free from financial worry over a home in the wonderful climate so like that of Greece in its palmiest days."

He says: "Any man who is producing sentiment (using the word in its best sense), either with tongue or with pen, by clay or by brush or by gut, can have as much of my land to use for one dollar a year as he wants, as long as he will *use* it, in a climate that never gets cold and never gets hot and never prevents him from working at his best. If he makes any improvements, I am prepared to buy them from him at whatever they are worth at any time he sees fit to leave. I have no intention of giving any man the land, but if he is actually working, I will give him the use of the land while working. These words, 'actually working,' are not expressed idly and I know what real work is."

The newspaper people are already taking the idea seriously. The hopes of its originators grow with the appreciation of those whose profession makes them analyze schemes in their infancy.

One of the first to give special attention to the idea was Mr. Walter Anthony, one of San Francisco's best dramatic critics. Carmel had produced the "Toad," a play written by one of the Carmel poets, produced on the Carmel stage by Carmel's college professors, painters, dramatists, plumbers, grocerymen and story writers.

During the same week, the children gave "Alice in Wonderland," and the man who played the part of King in it, an author whose annuities are written in five figures, refused an offer of $1,000 to "write up" the political conventions for a New York paper because he was already engaged.

His engagement was nothing more than following out his intoxication with the idea by playing King.

The following is Anthony's expression of the idea:

"The Carmel idea is a splendid abstraction, bigger than any man or episode related to it. It has escaped from the hands of its creators like the genie from the fisherman's vase, and is spreading its influence over the West.

"The idea is the encouragement of Western art, in a typically Western environment, the development in Carmel of a race of poets and artists not apart from the world, but of it, and capable of giving expression to its aspirations and needs, a modern Athens whither may be borne a later-day Euripides, Sophocles, Aristophanes, as well as a host, perhaps, of lesser Phrynichus and actorial Crates.

"The result will be more quickly attained by the procedure at present observed where the entire population of Carmel is involved in these annual expressions of dramatic art. As long as the butcher and the grocer and the plumber are in th performances, there is hope for them. It was the Grecian crowd that made the Grecian drama. Think of the intelligence the gallery god of Aristophanes' day possessed to appreciate the philosophical satire of that ungodly wit."

Even artists require food and raiment and shelter; to supply these needs, a city of tradespeople is growing up beside the art colony.

So, surrounded by all the problems of life, yet with a place of escape from them, the artists live and love and long for the unattainable and hope and marry and bring forth a race of kings.

TWO HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF SERRA'S BIRTH

The long-severed bond which united Carmel and Monterey in the old, old days is being welded together again. Sunday, November 23, 1913, there was held at Carmel a pilgrimage, a religious ceremony and a barbecue celebrating the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of Padre Junipero Serra.

When the throngs of worshipers left Carmel, they went to the Presidio of Monterey to participate in civic ceremonies in honor of the great friar.*

That celebration meant more than the reunion of Monterey and Carmel; it added another link in the chain of a new friendship between Spain and America.

*In the preparations for both ceremonies the sister towns of Del Monte and Pacific Grove had gladly assisted.

For weeks before the appointed time, Father Mestres had had constant correspondence with Father Torrens (the only living relative of Padre Serra), who was planning a similar ceremonial in Mallorca, Spain.

That the State as well as the church might show its appreciation of Junipero Serra's great work, Governor Johnson sent Mr. Frank H. Powers as a special Serra commissioner to the Mallorca celebration.

Cablegrams were exchanged, November 23, between Father Mestres and Father Torrens. King Alfonso's representative at Washington telegraphed greetings and congratulations from his sovereign to the worshipers at Carmel.

But, because of inclement weather, the Mallorca celebration had been held earlier. The Serra commissioner had come too late.

Instead of icily polite official regrets such as might have been expected from a country with which we were at war only sixteen years ago, Father Torrens got up a second celebration in order that the American envoy's mission might not be vain.

Following the quaint Old World custom, he sent criers through the streets, announcing to the people that there would be special services in honor of their countryman, Junipero Serra.

Happy over the unexpected holiday, dressed in their best, the crowds came, listened to their priests' speeches and applauded when Father Easterlink translated the English speech of the commissioner.

The King himself sent greetings to the little group gather at Mallorca and they have all promised never again to neglect the memory of Padre Serra.

Every year, say they, Spain and California, lands of his birth and death, will unite in honoring his name.

After two hundred years, Fray Junipero Serra is seeing once more a union of the two countries he labored so faithfully to join.

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